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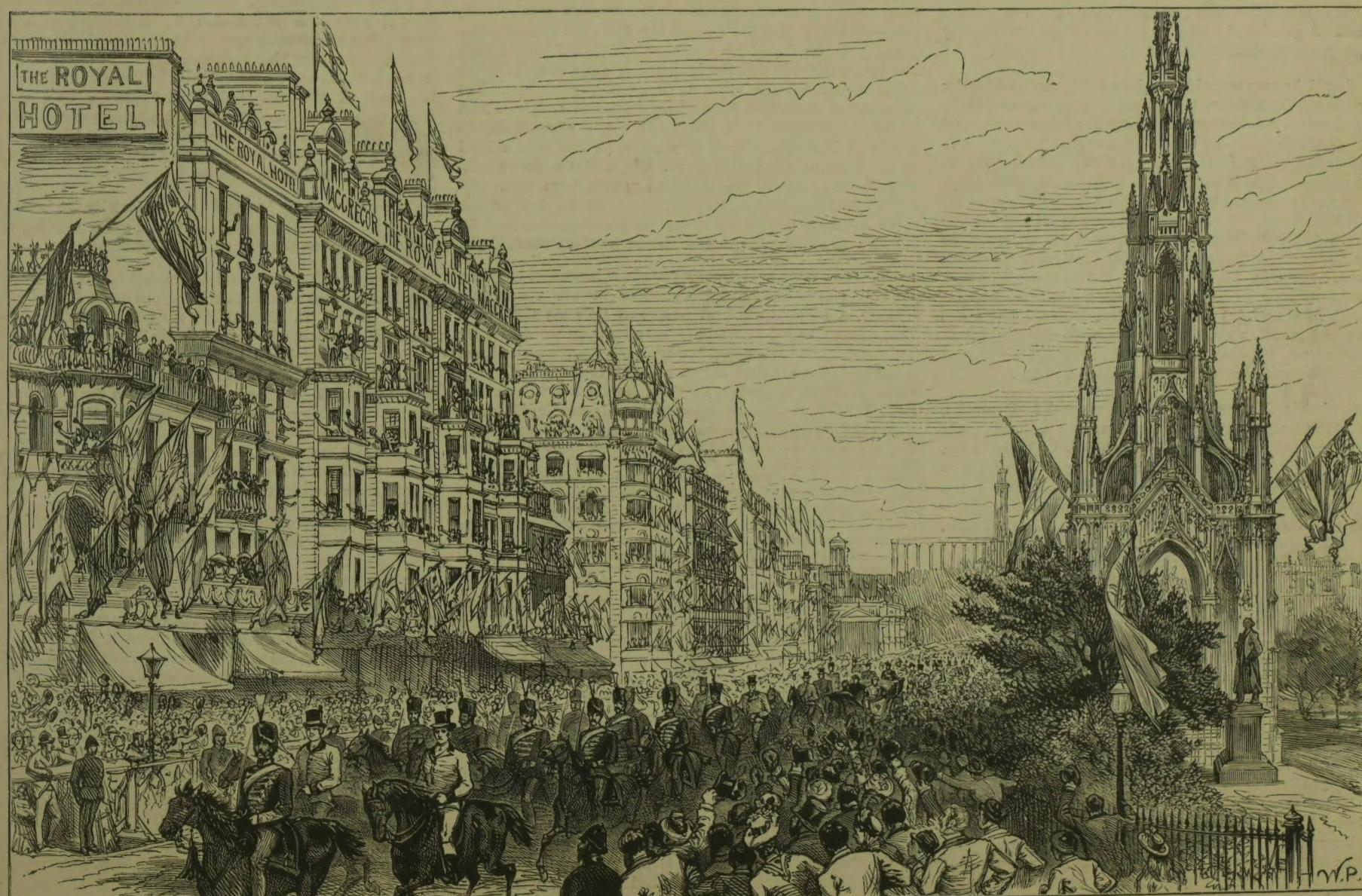
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

WITH SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.  
AND COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6*½*d.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.



HER MAJESTY LEAVING HOLYROOD PALACE.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING ALONG PRINCES-STREET.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

A learned correspondent, dating from the Common Room, Lincoln's Inn, and whose letter is redolent of hair-powder, horse-hair, bombazine, and freshly-mangled bands, essays to enlighten me touching the origin and meaning of the wig of the Speaker of the House of Commons. His communication is lengthy; but I will cull one passage from it:—

Since the Restoration the Speakers of the Commons, until Mr. Denison, were always lawyers, and this circumstance, as well as their being official persons, accounts for their retention of the wig, which had come to be regarded as associated with Westminster Hall. So, too, the minor officials still wear wigs in the manner of their predecessors of a hundred years ago. But is my learned correspondent quite right in saying that *all* the Speakers of the House of Commons since the Restoration until the time of Mr. Speaker Denison were lawyers? How about Sir Edward Seymour, who, having been elected one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Wilts, was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in the 24th of King Charles II., A.D. 1672, on the retirement of Sir Job Charlton? Bishop Burnet writes of Sir Edward: "The ablest man of his party was Seymour, who was the first Speaker of the House of Commons that was not bred to the law. He was a man of great birth, being the elder branch of the Seymour family, and was a graceful man, bold, and quick; but he had a sort of pride so peculiar to himself that I never saw anything like it."

Here is at least one Speaker since the Restoration who was certainly not a lawyer. I hesitate positively to indicate other Speakers—Sir Robert Harley, for instance—who, I think, were laymen and not lawyers, for the reason that I might be confuted by some diligent student of the Rolls of the Inns of Court. But how about Speaker William Wyndham Grenville, who, we are told by Manning, on quitting Oxford, "began to eat his terms, intending to study for the Bar, but was induced, by the representations of his friend Mr. Pitt, to abandon all idea of the law, and from that moment directed all the energies of his mind to the business of politics"?

As for the "proud" Sir Edward Seymour, the undoubtedly non-legal Speaker, the anecdotes of his arrogance are as sweet morsels to roll beneath the tongue. Take, for example, the delicious story told by Lord Dartmouth:—"In passing through Charing-cross his carriage broke down; and he ordered the beadles to stop the next gentleman's coach they met and bring it to him. The gentleman in it was much surprised to be turned out of his own coach; Sir Edward told him that it was more proper for him to walk the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons, and left him to do so, without any further apology." It is also recorded that this affable creature, when passing through Westminster Hall, ordered the Mace to take Sergeant Pemberton into custody for not paying him sufficient respect. "Hardened in his pride by age, he treated William III. with the airs of an equal, if not a superior; and when dismissed from his place of Comptroller of the Household by Queen Anne, he sent word that he should return his staff by the common carrier." Dear Sir Edward Seymour! He "ordered beadles"! We have no proper pride now-a-days!

Mem.: The Kings and Queens of Spain are, in one respect, less haughty than was the non-legal Speaker. When their Majesties take carriage exercise, the Royal cortége comprises an empty carriage, called a *coche de la casa*. Should Royalty chance to meet a procession carrying the Host, Royalty alights, resigns its carriage to the Host-bearing priest, and enters the *coche de la casa*—a reverential act, much more courteous than the procedure of Sir Edward Seymour, and at the same time prudent. A grandee of Spain might resent, even to showing fight, any attempt to turn him out of his own carriage.

I should be very sorry if the dingy old house in which for many years I have taken the liberty of residing were to be burnt down; not only because it contains some books and things which I should grieve to lose, but also because I live next door to the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (he is globe-trotting in China just now), whose mansion is a veritable museum of art, armour, antiquities, and anatomy. Still, I must confess that it is very hot at home just now—very hot—scorching hot—almost red-hot. We have put the most fiery of our most recent possessions into a roomy cellar which is continually cool, because beneath it Lamb's historic Conduit flows; but I sadly fear that unless I distribute the torrid stuff among my friends (which I presently intend to do) Lamb's Conduit will turn into a Hot Spring and spout up to a most inconvenient altitude in Guilford-street, Russell-square, to the parboiling, perhaps, of my dear little neighbours at the Foundling Hospital.

But what is this perilous stuff, you may ask? Dynamite, giant powder, picrate of potassium, gun-cotton, fulminating mercury, or squibs and crackers? Much worse. What do you think of a whole battery of bottles containing such condiments as Bengal Club Chutnee, Lucknow Chutnee, Major Gray's Chutnee, Kashmir Chutnee, Zest Sauce, Tapp Sauce, Mulligatawny Paste, Spiced Mango, Curry Paste, Curry Pickle, Lime Pickles, and Pickled Mangoes. Others (quite as hot) by the dozen. All these scorching condiments have been kindly sent to me by the Great Eastern Hotel Company of Calcutta, to encourage me, I suppose, in the pursuit of curry-making. But I mean to make my friends' larders as highly flavoured as my own. I'll warm them! Ginger shall be hot in their mouths. They shall breakfast on pickles, dine on coriander seed, and sup on cayenne pepper. And their children shall cry for cardamoms and chillies.

Mem.: I lay sick almost to death for many days of a malarious fever last March, at the Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta. When the delirium was over, and the temperature of the body had become normal, I found that the crawling towards convalescence was much more disagreeable than the fever had been. The crows, too, had a disagreeable habit of looking in at the windows, and hoarsely cawing, as though to complain that you were an unconscionable time in making up your mind as to whether you were going to die or to get well. The crows

naturally would prefer the former contingency. They and the jackals look as if they thought that they will get at you somehow P.M. During how many sleepless nights have I not listened to the jackals howling in the compound of Government House!

I had been treated with the very greatest kindness and attention by the people at the Great Eastern Hotel, especially by the Managing Director of the Company; but I felt so low and miserable one morning that I sent for this gentleman, and, telling him that I thought that I was about to join the majority, apologised for all the trouble which I had given him and his employés. "My dear Sir," replied the kind and courteous Managing Director, with the blandest of gestures and the most reassuring of smiles, "don't say a word about it. Not the slightest trouble; only too glad to be of any service to you." Shortly afterwards a kind friend fetched me away to his house; nursed me as though I had been a baby; and for a time I was well. When I was able to go out, I went for a drive to the Great Eastern Hotel, to thank the Managing Director. He took me over an enormous bazaar, called the "Hall of All Nations," which occupies the entire ground floor of the hotel, and belongs to the company. A kind of Anglo-Indian Whiteley's. Everything that you could want on sale, from a box of sardines to a banjo, from a deck-chair to Dent's gloves. Hosiery department, wine and spirit department, umbrella, helmet, and solar-topee department. "Any Undertaking department?" I asked. "Oh, certainly," was the reply. "Every comfort, true elegance, and dispatch, at moderate charges." How nice to stop at a hotel where the management will not only be kind to you while you are living, but useful to your executors when you are dead!

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty would seem to be quite as desirous to make people comfortable in British Columbia as my friend the Managing Director was at Calcutta. A correspondent sends me a copy of an advertisement, issued from the Royal Naval Yard, Esquimalt, British Columbia, inviting tenders for biscuits and soft bread, salt beef and suet, lime, coffins, and grare-digging. "The graves are to be dug for one year certain."

"A Constant Reader" writes:—

It appears that everybody with a question shouts it at G. A. S. (How true!) in the hope that an "Echo of the Week" will return an answer. On this assumption I shout *my* question. What is the derivation of "Scilly," in the name of the isles of that ill?

I should say that if my correspondent consulted so accessible a work as Chambers's "Encyclopædia" he would find the commonly accepted derivation of "Scilly." But I turn to Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of England" to learn that the seventeen islands, the twenty-two smaller islets, and the numerous naked rocks forming a cluster off the south-west coast of Cornwall, were called by the Greeks "Hesperides" and "Cassiterides," or Tin Islands; by the Romans, "Sellime" and "Silura Insulae"; and that their present name of "Scilly," anciently written Sully, appears to be British, and is taken from one small island, only an acre in its extent, named Scilly Island.

I am not in the habit of propounding conundrums, but here is a riddle for the "cock-sure" gentry who so pertly told me that it was quite correct to speak of the "parish of St. George's-in-the-East." Why, assuming for the nonce that the contention of the "cock-sure" correspondents was right (and it is altogether wrong), would it be literally impossible to speak of the parish of St. Elwyn's Hayle? Do you give it up? For the sake of my fair (and naturally impatient) readers, I will give the solution myself, and at once. The parish of St. Elwyn Hayle is destitute of a church; and it is the only parish and town in Cornwall without one. The parochial services of St. Elwyn have, up to this time, been held in what was formerly a Methodist chapel situated in the parish of Phillack. For fifty years there has been a local desire to provide the parish of St. Elwyn Hayle with a suitable church. About two thousand pounds have been subscribed for this laudable purpose; about six hundred pounds more are wanted, and donations (so the Incumbent of St. Elwyn tells me) can be paid into Messrs. Bolitho's Bank, Hayle.

*In re* the manner of teaching modern languages to young English people and examining them in the Continental tongues, a correspondent at Southport tells me that, as a medical man, he had occasion to visit many schools, both for boys and girls. He adds, "They mostly profess to learn French and German, but if you attempt to speak to them in either of those languages, they can hardly say two words." But what follows is at once more comic and more significant:—

Six years ago my eldest boy, then twelve years of age, went up for the Cambridge Junior Local Examination. To my great delight, although he was so very young, he passed. The only subject in which he failed was German, a language which he had learned in Germany in his early childhood, and which he had never ceased to speak with perfect fluency. I looked at the examination paper, and found most intricate and grammatical questions, which I defy nine out of ten educated Germans to answer correctly at a moment's notice. He afterwards went to a great public school, where the teacher of modern languages was an Irishman, who had never been on the Continent.

Mem.: I suppose that in the whole world there are no seminaries in which French and German, in addition to the vernacular, are taught so thoroughly and so perfectly as in the Russian Cadet Schools. I remember, in '57, when I first went to St. Petersburg, that several cadets from the Corps des Pages used to visit at the house of the family with whom I was residing, and I was altogether amazed with the proficiency in French and German of these Muscovite young gentlemen.

It is silly to talk of the Russians having a natural aptitude for acquiring languages. In Russia in Europe alone there must be some forty millions of people who speak no language but Russ. At Moscow there is a huge hotel where not a word of French or German is spoken, either by the waiters or by the clerks in the office. It is the teaching that does it. The Russian aristocracy are drilled into being linguists,

In their childhood, they have French, German, or English nurses, tutors, and governesses. At the Cadet Schools, French and German are constantly and systematically spoken. The Imperial pages to whom I alluded above were going into the Guard; they would not have been able to obtain their commissions without being first-rate French and German scholars. Matters may have changed since then; but I speak of Russia in the year 1857.

"Hartfield," Cove, Dumbarton, asks me to tell him the origin of the sign "%" meaning per cent. He is also anxious to learn where he can find the line "To the glory of God and the fair Geraldine"; and, finally, he would like to ascertain "the length and duration of Nicholson's celebrated march during the Indian Mutiny." I don't know; and I am right sorry for my ignorance, since my kindly correspondent adds in a postscript that he can give me "a most toothsome recipe for cold salmon." And now that I am unable to furnish him with the information which he needs, he will stop the cold salmon recipe; of course. No information, no fish.

Among the sensible ladies and gentlemen who have addressed me on the subject of the relative pronoun, few have given so cogent an illustration of the incorrectness of the phrase "The letter you wrote me" as "J. N. S." Norwich. Read the first six words of the Lord's Prayer. What would be the meaning of those words if the relative pronoun "which" were omitted?

Quotations from poets, from Shakespeare downwards, all riddled with omitted relative pronouns, have been hurled, now good-temperedly, now sarcastically, now abusively, at my head; while other bards, great and small, have been cited with the intent to prove that a shadow is a convertible term for a reflection. I reply, in the first place, that the Poet is not only King, but that he is sometimes Emperor: even as was that German Kaiser who was *supra grammaticans*. We should love and venerate the poet for his sweet singing and his noble thoughts; but we should refrain from imitating his occasionally imperfect grammar. In the second place, as regards the essential difference between a shadow and a reflection, it is simply a question of technical education. Very few of our poets had any technical training; and to them, as to many million more people, a reflection was of the nature of a shadow. The Distressed Compiler is no poet; he has neither poetry nor music in his soul; but after he left school he went through seven years' systematic and laborious technical training; and in the matter of "shadow versus reflection" he is confident that every mathematician, every architect, every astronomer, every engineer, and every scene-painter must be on his side. I refer to the scene-painters for the reason that among the earliest things learned by a pupil in scenic art is how to cast shadows with accuracy, and how to discriminate between reflection and refraction.

Thanks—hearty thanks—to "T. C. E." Malabar, India, who condoles with me about my failures in cooking Bombay ducks (we have since succeeded), and teaches me how to cook them. Toast the duck over a brisk fire till the duck is warmed through and crisp at the thinnest part; then flour the duck, and beat it with a rolling-pin on a baking sheet; bang away at the duck till it is as flat as a comic song in a drawing-room or an unsuccessful farce. Then you may cut the duck into fancy shapes if you like, and make it hot, and eat it with as much butter as the fish will absorb.

There is another way. Beat the duck without first toasting it, and when it is well beaten, fry it till brown and crisp. Would that mine enemy were a Bombay duck! How pleasant it would be to beat him first, then fry him and eat him with as much butter as he would absorb. "Popadoms," at Malabar, are made of rice flour and black "gram"; but I scarcely think that I could obtain "gram" at a London corn-chandler's. Powdered chillies are also occasionally added to the Malabar "popadoms"; but my correspondent doubts whether the chillies can be considered an improvement.

Mem.: Somebody has told me incidentally lately that the recipe for Cingalese "popadoms" would not be complete without turtle eggs and asafœtida. Oh! dear me!

It appears from a polite letter, written in French by a gentleman whose esteemed name I am quite unable to decipher, that there was an error in the statement as to the bath in which Marat was done to death by brave Charlotte Corday having been purchased by a Breton ecclesiastic. Precisely the contrary was the case. The bath belonged to M. Cusé; and he sold it to a dealer in curiosities for five thousand francs. My correspondent also mentions that he has seen it stated in more than one French paper that the French Government are contemplating the expediency of purchasing Marat's bath, with the idea of placing it in a collection of revolutionary relics in the Exhibition of 1889.

A strange collection it would be could the vestiges be unearthed; and would the owners thereof lend them. The red Cap of Liberty which the unfortunate Louis wore when he showed himself to the frantic populace from the window of the Tuilleries; the carriage in which the flight of Varennes was made; the pike on which the ruffian mob set the head of the Princesse de Lamballe; the tumbril in which Marie Antoinette rode to the scaffold; the coarse gown and *fichu* and mob cap which the hapless Queen wore on that last journey; the pencil sketch which David made of the daughter of Maria Theresa as he saw the poor creature in the cart—not as Lord Ronald Gower has modelled her, graceful, pathetic, majestic; but haggard, "peeking," wizened, and ugly. Have these and a thousand other cognate things perished, or are they extant?

Mem.: The keys of the Bastille, if I remember aright, were presented to General Washington, and lay for years on the hall table at Mount Vernon. Will some American correspondent kindly tell me if the Bastille keys are still at Mount Vernon?

G. A. S.

## THE QUEEN AT EDINBURGH.

The arrival and reception of her Majesty at the Scottish capital, on Wednesday last week, obtained a brief record in our Court news. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, was met at eight o'clock in the morning, at the Waverley railway station, by the Lord Provost and Town Clerk, the Sheriff of Midlothian, and Major-General Elliot. She went to Holyrood Palace, and rested till the afternoon, when she visited the International Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art.

The Exhibition, which has been described, is in a Grand Pavilion and other buildings erected in the West Meadows, adjacent to Lauriston; the main entrance is in Brougham-street. It contains a very fine collection of pictures, both loans from public and private galleries, and works of the exhibitors; an important collection of shipbuilding models, products of mines and quarries and fisheries, manufactures of every kind, the textile fabrics, metal-work, hardware, tools, engines, and machinery, printing, paper-making, and book-binding, baking and confectionery, pottery, clothing, articles of food, chemicals, scientific instruments, heating, cooking, and lighting apparatus, sanitary appliances, electrical apparatus, educational apparatus, house furniture and decoration, musical instruments, jewellery, and other industries. One very interesting section is that of Women's Industries, which the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marchioness of Lothian, the Countess of Rosebery, and the Countess of Aberdeen have actively promoted. These ladies were in attendance to receive the Queen, and to show her Majesty Irish peasants and Shetland women busily engaged in the manufacture of rich lace-work, and in knitting under-clothing and shawls. "Old Edinburgh"—a reproduction of an old Edinburgh street at a time when such picturesque houses were the dwellings of the great people of Scotland—forms an attractive part of the Exhibition, and has been successful in pleasing the visitors. The Exhibition has also owed much of its success in attracting crowds of people daily and nightly to the liberal arrangements of the Executive in supplying the best class of musical entertainments and employing the best performers available for promenade concerts. A lawn-tennis tournament has also proved a happy idea. The Exhibition in the evenings is brilliantly illuminated with the electric light, various systems being in use.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, joined by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Holyrood, with the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, with Sir Richard Cross (Lord Cross), Secretary of State for India, and the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, M.P., Secretary for Scotland, went in three open carriages to the Exhibition. Her Majesty was received by the Marquis of Lothian, the President of the Exhibition, the Lords Provost of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Rosebery, and the chairmen or "conveners" of several committees. They escorted her in procession to a scarlet-covered dais in the Grand Hall, under the dome, where the Royal Archers and Queen's Scottish Body-guard lined the passage, commanded by the Duke of Buccleuch. Lord Provost Clark wore the uniform of a Lord Lieutenant, but the other members of the municipal corporations were in their robes. The Edinburgh Choral Union sang the National Anthem, and a choral hymn, "Lord of Heaven, of earth and ocean," specially composed by Sir Herbert Oakley, Professor of Music at Edinburgh University. Lord Lothian read an address from the Executive Council of the Exhibition, to which the Queen read a gracious reply. The Lord Dean of Guild, Mr. James Gowans, presented her Majesty, as patron of the Exhibition, with a gold badge of office and a copy of the catalogue. Several gentlemen, including Mr. James Marchbank, the secretary, and Mr. J. A. Hedley, the manager, were presented to the Queen, who then walked through the Central Court and the Old Edinburgh Street, visited the Shetland and Irish stalls of the Women's Industries, speaking to some of the women at work, and was presented by Sheriff Thoms, of Caithness, with a shawl of Shetland native wool, and by Lady Aberdeen with some Limerick lace. After resting in the Ladies' Committee-room, her Majesty left the Exhibition by the North Promenade, and returned to Holyrood by Melville-drive, Preston-street, St. Leonard's-street, Albert-gate, and Queen's Park. In the evening, there was a general illumination of the town, the outlining of Edinburgh Castle with Padella lights being an especial success. There was also a display of fireworks in Queen's Park.

On Thursday morning her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught, again visited the Exhibition, and inspected the picture galleries; Mr. Walter Brodie, Mr. John Smart, and Mr. Lockhart, Scottish artists, had the honour of being presented to her. She also examined the jewellery in the Grand Hall, and many objects in the Central Court; and spent some time in "Old Edinburgh," and in the Women's Industries Section, where she made some purchases. After seeing a memorial tree planted on the lawn by the Marquis of Lothian, to commemorate her visit, the Queen returned to Holyrood by the route of Brougham-street, Lothian-road, Prince's-street, Waterloo-place, and Abbey-hill.

The Queen held a reception at Holyrood Palace in the afternoon. The officers of the Royal Company of Archers presented to her Majesty, in the Throne-room, their customary "reddendo" token of three arrows, mounted in ivory and silver, with feathers red, white, and blue. The Lord Provost and Corporation of Edinburgh presented their silver keys, with a loyal address, to which the Queen made a suitable answer. The Queen conferred the honour of knighthood on the Lord Dean of Guild, now Sir James Gowans, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition. A baronetcy has been conferred on the Lord Provost, Sir Thomas Clark, head of an important book-publishing firm at Edinburgh.

On Thursday evening, the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited Lord and Lady Lothian at Newbottle Abbey, a few miles from Edinburgh. The Royal party returned to Holyrood the same evening.

On Friday morning, her Majesty, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice and her husband, went to see the Royal Blind Asylum and School at Craigmellar, where she was received by the Earl of Haddington, the President, and General Napier Smith, chairman of the Directors. The Royal party then went into town, and proceeded to St. Giles's Cathedral by way of Minto-street, Clerk-street, Chambers-street, and George IV. Bridge, traversing a portion of Edinburgh in which there is a large population of the working classes, who turned out to greet her Majesty. At the Cathedral the Queen was received by the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Lord Provost Clark, the Lord Justice-General, and the other officials. Her Majesty was shown over the Cathedral, which had lately undergone renovation. She expressed great pleasure at the painted windows, the regimental colours, and the military brasses, in which the building is especially rich. After she had sat for a few minutes on the throne in the Preston aisle, the Queen inspected the tomb of the Marquis of Montrose, and was surprised that no monument had been erected. Her Majesty also read the inscription on the Jenny Geddes brass. She afterwards entered the Session House,

where, having seen the old records of the church, the visitors' book was signed as follows:—"Victoria R. and I, Beatrice, Arthur, Louis, Margaret, Henry of Battenberg." After a thorough inspection of the Cathedral, which is the burial-place not only of Montrose but of the Regent Murray, and contains tablets up to the present date of the losses of the Black Watch and Scots Greys in the Soudan, the Queen returned to Holyrood by way of High-street, Waterloo-place, and Abbey-mount. A great number of people had gathered along the roadways, and the Queen met with an enthusiastic reception. Shortly before five o'clock the Queen drove to Dalkeith Palace, on a visit to the Duke of Buccleuch, returning to Holyrood soon after seven o'clock; and left Edinburgh, for Balmoral, by special train, at half-past eleven. The train started under a salute from the Castle. Before leaving the station the Queen sent a message expressing her satisfaction at all the arrangements during her stay in Edinburgh.

## PRISMATIC LUNAR HALO.

Our Illustration of a rare and beautiful phenomenon, observed on the night of the 13th inst., is from a drawing made at Lucerne by our correspondent, Mr. T. W. Webber. The appearance occurred shortly after the rising of the moon that evening, when many tourists were on the lake, and the reflection in the placid water must have been extremely beautiful. "There seemed," Mr. Webber says, "to be a thin film of fleecy vapour, lying across the sky at a high elevation, and streaked from east to west; the moon's rays, passing through this in a slanting direction, appeared like a double rainbow,

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The early autumn season at the London theatres is about to be inaugurated with characteristic enterprise and spirit by Mr. Augustus Harris, who has, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Pettitt, devised a new and original sporting drama for Drury-Lane, entitled "A Run of Luck," abounding in those startling situations and sensations which made the fortune of "The World" and "Youth" at the same national playhouse. To the circumstances that Parliament is sitting, and that the Exhibition has attracted an unusually large number of visitors to the metropolis, may be attributed the exceptionally large attendances towards the close of August at a few other theatres. The Adelphi, the only West-End house which offers romantic melodrama, has been as crowded by large and appreciative audiences as when the excellent salt-sea play of "The Harbour Lights" was produced by MM. Gatti.

A similar success has attended the remarkably sprightly performances of the Rice and Dixey American Burlesque Company at the Gaiety, where Mr. Henry E. Dixey has proved so potent an attraction in the "Pygmalion and Galatea"-like travesty of "Adonis" that his engagement has had to be prolonged again and again. Mr. Dixey's imitation of Mr. Irving is wonderfully lifelike. There is a neat, artistic finish in his mimicry that renders it quite unobjectionable. The humour of this refined and effective burlesque of Mr. Irving reaches its height in the quaintly satirical song of "It's English, you know—quite English," quietly sung by Mr. Dixey in the garb of Hamlet. An accomplished dancer, as well as a singularly clever mimetic artist, Mr. Dixey is the life and soul—and,



PRISMATIC HALO ROUND THE MOON, SEEN AT LAKE LUCERNE ON THE 13TH INST.

forming an oval halo around it. The moon was not in the centre, as is usually the case, but very much lower down than the centre. At times, as the streaks of filmy vapour varied in density, the moon was nearer one side than the other in a horizontal direction, as well as vertically. The halo was sometimes almost rectangular, with the moon in one corner; but generally the form was elliptical, with the moon in the lower focus. There was another group of clouds coming up from the south at a much lower elevation than the filmy streaks, and they produced a very beautiful effect across the sky. The prismatic colours about the halo were very marked, a second series appearing at times outside the first. After rising above the filmy streaks, the moon shone clear without any halo."

A remarkable Nationalist demonstration took place on Monday at New Ross. An enormous procession passed through the town to the workhouse, whither they were accompanying thirteen evicted families. A "ward of honour" was specially prepared in the workhouse for their reception.

The story of the famous Persian poet Firdousi has lately been told in graceful verse by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and now, in the series of "The Chandos Classics," we have his great poem, *The Shah Nâmeh*, translated and abridged, in prose and verse, by James Atkinson (Warne and Co.). It is edited by his son, the Rev. J. A. Atkinson, who observes that his father's work was the first attempt to translate the poem into English. "It was printed by the Oriental Translation Fund in 1832, and was honoured by the Royal gold medal." Whether Mr. Matthew Arnold was acquainted with this translation when he wrote his fine poem "Sohrab and Rustum," he does not say. After stating the French authorities to whom he was indebted, Mr. Arnold writes:—"For my part, I only regret that I could not meet with a translation from Firdousi's poem of the whole of the episode of Sohrab and Rustum; with a prose translation, that is; for in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognisable." The episode is given by Mr. Atkinson in heroic couplets; but is also given in prose, though probably not in a complete form. Certainly Mr. Arnold's blank verse has no affinity to the rather florid poetical diction employed by Mr. Atkinson. Some of the translator's couplets are forcible and harmonious; but the poet's imagination, which is eminently Eastern in character, may be better seen from the prose. The poem abounds with descriptions of extraordinary deeds of daring, the work of gods rather than of men; and of scenes in which noble youths and mighty warriors yield to the superior strength of "melting music, wine, and love." While a generally accurate impression of the narrative is given in this highly interesting translation of the Persian epic, it can scarcely be doubted that the peculiar flavour of the original is lost. Some of the verses interspersed with the prose read as if they had been suggested by Thomas Moore; and though the work is more than eight centuries old, Mr. Atkinson has managed to give it a nineteenth-century dress. This, perhaps, will make it all the more acceptable to most readers. By-the-way, the editor should have corrected a note on page 355, containing a well-known verse by Sir Henry Wotton, which, as it stands at present, contains neither sense nor rhythm.

indeed, the *raison d'être*—of "Adonis." Many will learn with regret that this delightfully entertaining American comedian is to appear for the last time for the present at the Gaiety on the Third of September (Friday next), when the hundredth performance in London of the lively burlesque of "Adonis" will take place.

A signal good performance of "The Rivals" must be placed to the credit of the Vaughan-Conway Comedy Company, who, untired by their vivacious nightly representation of "The School for Scandal," favoured a large audience with the other equally welcome old comedy at a Haymarket matinée on Saturday last. An unquestionable success as Lady Teazle, Miss Kate Vaughan was charmingly piquant as Lydia Languish. Mr. William Farren is unapproachable as Sir Anthony Absolute. Rarely do we see so bright and handsome and in every way satisfactory a Captain Absolute as that which Mr. H. B. Conway presented. Whilst the Bob Acres of Mr. Charles Collette was an appropriately full-flavoured impersonation, the Mrs. Malaprop of Miss Fanny Coleman never failed to elicit laughter. Miss Marie Illington, Miss M. Woolgar Mellon, Mr. J. Tresahar, Mr. Forbes Dawson, and Mr. Mark Kinghorne completed the cast of "The Rivals." The experienced stage-management of Mr. Robert Soutar has probably contributed to the success of the revival of old English comedy—"Quite English, you know"—at the Haymarket Theatre.

The Empire Theatre, hitherto most unfortunate, although it is so magnificently decorated as to be in itself one of the sights of London, is now under the sole direction and proprietorship of Mr. D. Nicols, of the Café Royal. It was reopened last Saturday night with a new English version of Adolphe Adam's gay comic opera of the "Postillon de Longjumeau," manifestly so imperfectly rehearsed that, had it not been for the spirit with which the favourite tenor, Mr. Henry Walsham, sang the chief songs as the gallant postilion, the audience would not have allowed the performance to be completed. Yet there were such competent performers as the eccentric comedian Mr. Odell, and Mr. Imano in the cast. Nervousness or lack of force clearly incapacitated the lady to whom the part of Madeleine was entrusted, with questionable judgment. The comic opera, renamed "A Maiden Wife," *se recule pour mieux sauter* next Monday. Mr. Nicols relies in the meantime upon the magnetic attractions of the two alluring ballets from "The Palace of Pearl"—the charming "Ballet des Dentelles" and "Moorish Ballet," with Mdlle. Pertoldi and "Luna" as principal dancers.

Recognised home of spectacular ballet in London, the Alhambra has never had a stronger programme than it has now. "Cupid" and the inspiring martial ballet of "The Bivouac" maintain their popularity. An admitted musical and choreographic triumph, reflecting equal credit upon M. Jacobi and M. Hansen, the brilliant and splendid ballet of "Cupid" was rendered additionally attractive on Monday by the appearance of Mdlle. A. Zallio as Hebe. She achieved instant success. The poetry of motion has never been exemplified at the Alhambra by a more charming and accomplished artiste than Mdlle. Zallio.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH: HER MAJESTY READING HER ANSWER TO THE ADDRESS IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

And so their pretty love-talk went on, with thee and thou, and kisses sweet as honey to this girl, who knew not how or why she should conceal her joy and her love.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRER," ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.

HOW JACK THANKED BESS.



**E**ARLY in the evening, when the common sort had all gone away, well filled with the Admiral's best October, and before the gentlemen arrived, Jack left us, and stole quite unnoticed from the house. As he left us, so he returned, no one having observed that he had been absent for a moment. Yet we were

all of us talking and thinking of no one else, and believed that he was still among us. So, in a play at the theatre, when the mind is fully charged and occupied with the hero, so that one can think of nothing but his adventures, we do not perceive that he is no longer on the stage before our eyes, and, when he presently returns, we do not remember that he has ever been out of our sight, and all that has passed seems to have been done in his presence.

But why Jack left us and whither he went, I have since been told, and that, as one may say, on credible authority—namely, by the only person who knows.

In short, he left us to go in search of Bess, his heart being, already, inflamed by the thought of her beauty, and fired with gratitude because, of all his old friends, she alone recognised him. Ulysses was recognised by none but his dog. Why, Jack would have been less than human, a mere senseless log, had he not been moved by this circumstance. And so far from senseless, his was a heart as easily inflamed as touchwood.

Bess was sitting on the floor before the fire, her father being somewhere abroad, I suppose, in conversation with his friends and cronies, the sexton and the barber. It was Sunday evening, therefore she had no knitting or work of other kind in her hands. She could not read, and therefore she had not taken one of her father's books; and she was alone, therefore she was not talking. Outside, the night had already fallen, but she was not one of those who waste good money by burning candle and fire at the same time, unless for the sake of work. The red firelight played upon her cheeks, and made them glow, and upon her eyes, and made them red balls; and upon the walls of the room, which were covered with specimens of the Penman's art, pasted on the wainscot; and on the sideboard, where stood the candlesticks of brass and the snuffers, polished and bright, with the house-pewter, which shone like silver, so good a housewife was this girl. Her hands lay folded in her lap, and she was leaning forwards as if reading faces in the red coals, as children sometimes love to play. I think she saw one face only, and that a strange wild face, with matted hair and long beard, and a bloody clout across the forehead. As to her thoughts—who can read the thoughts that crowd into the head of a young girl? I would not dare to say that up to that time Bess was in love with her old playfellow; yet it is certain, because Mr. Brinjess spoke so much of him, that he often occupied her mind. Nor was it, I venture to say, all on Jack's account that she would listen to none of Aaron Fletcher's advances. Yet she must have been hard-hearted, indeed, had this home-coming failed to move her soul. I have sometimes thought that if at this time Jack had made no advances to her, she must presently have taken Aaron and thought no more of her old playfellow, save as of a gallant gentleman belonging to a class above her. No man can speak positively of a woman's mind; but I am assured that it is seldom in the nature of a woman to love any man—though she may greatly admire him—until he hath first shown and proved by words and looks that he thinks of her and loves her. Therefore, if Jack had made no advances—however, it is idle to talk of advances: such a man as Jack doth not make advances, they are for cooler and more cautious men; he lands, charges, and carries by storm the fortress which expected to be besieged by well-known rules.

Now, as she sat there watching the coals glowing in the fire, Bess suddenly started, and her heart ceased to beat, for at the door she heard a step. She remembered that step after six long years; and the latch was lifted, and Jack himself came in—a thing she had not so much as ventured to hope, though she expected that he might in a day or two call to see her father, if he should still remember his former instructor.

She sprang to her feet, half afraid, yet rejoicing.

"Bess!" he cried, hoarsely. "You had not forgotten me?"

He was dressed now, shaven, and washed; a tall and handsome man, though pale and somewhat hollow in the cheek.

"Bess!" he repeated, holding out both hands, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered, timidly. But now she was trembling, and really afraid of him, because there was a look in his eyes which frightened her; a strange look it is, which painters, for the most part, have failed to catch; it is one which makes the eyes soft and glowing; it is the look of love and longing. Bess had never seen that look, and it frightened her.

"Jack," she said, "shall I go and look for father?"

"Oh!" he answered, "you knew me, Bess!" His voice was husky. "All the rest had forgotten me; but you knew

me. Look for your father? Not yet, Bess! Not yet! Oh, Bess!" He said no more, but caught her hands, drew her towards him, and kissed her a thousand times.

Then, in a moment, all her love went out to him. She gave him all her heart. Thenceforward she was no longer afraid of him; yet she was his servant and his slave, though he called her mistress.

"My dear," he said presently, "let me look at my sweetheart. Nay, the firelight will do to light those eyes; no need of a candle. Oh, the sweet face! And what a tall girl she is! Is it the firelight or her cheeks, or is she blushing because her lover hath kissed her? And oh, the rosy lips! Kiss me, Bess. Kiss me, and tell me that you love me. My dear, I had forgotten no one at home—no one; but until you caught my hands to-day, I did not know how much I loved you. And now, tell me, pretty, hast thou sometimes thought of Jack?"

"Oh, yes," she told him. "I have never forgotten, never; and I knew you were not drowned, whatever they said, and Mr. Brinjess always declared that some day you would come home again. Often and often I have gone to Philadelphia and inquired of her concerning a young sailor—meaning you, Jack—but I did not tell her who it was, and always her reply was that he was safe, and would come home again, though to be sure, she said, there were dangers in the way. She is a proper witch, and knows. But, oh! Jack, go away: this is foolishness, you must not kiss me any more, because you are a gentleman, and I am only a simple girl, and the daughter of a plain man. You must not talk of love to me; you must not think of me, Jack. I know you would not laugh at me, and mock me; but you must not think of me, Jack. Why, there are fine ladies in plenty who would die for love of you!"

"And could you die for love of me, Bess? Oh! how could I live so long without thee?"

"Oh, Jack!" she murmured, laying her head upon his shoulder, "I would rather die of love for you than live for the love of someone else; and oh! if you left off loving me I should sit down and pray to die at once."

He kissed her again—I know not how many times he kissed her—telling her, which was quite true, because his thoughts ran not that way, that he cared not a fig for all the fine ladies in London town, with their nimby-namby, piminy ways, and their hoops and paint; but he loved an honest girl with roses of her own in her cheeks, who would love him in return. And so their pretty love-talk went on, with thee and thou, and kisses sweet as honey to this girl, who knew not how or why she should conceal her joy and her love.

"I never knew," Bess told me afterwards, "no, I never knew what happiness could be until I sat that evening with my sweetheart's arms round my waist, and my face upon his shoulder, so that he could kiss me as often as he pleased and whisper that he loved me. Oh, why—why should he love me? he so handsome and so splendid, and I so simple a maid? What are a girl's good looks compared with a man's? And how should he be able to love one who is not a gentlewoman—he who might, had he chosen, have married a countess?"

When he left her, which was all too soon, because the Admiral would be expecting him, the girl fell upon her knees and prayed. This was a thing (she confessed it to me herself) which she had never done before in her life, except in church, and according to the Forms contained in the Book of Common Prayer. If one may venture so to speak of a Book which hath engaged the thoughts and labours of learned and pious men since the foundation of the Church—I mean the Book of Common Prayer—there is one unfortunate omission in its forms: it provides, that is to say, for all the other great events in life—namely, Birth, Baptism, Marriage, the Arrival of Children, Sickness, and Death; but there is no Form of Prayer for the Betrothal of a man and a maid. Yet there are many appropriate Lessons that might be taken for it from the Old and New Testament; and there are many grateful and joyful Psalms; and there are lovesick verses—better, surely, were never written—especially in the Song of Solomon; and, without doubt, if ever there were occasion for Prayer and Praise, it is when a pair of lovers promise in private what they will presently promise in the sight of the congregation. Bess, poor child, knew no prayer fit for the occasion; but she knelt upon the floor and with tears she thanked God for the safe return of her lover, and implored Him to extend His continual protection over him.

When Mr. Westmoreland came home at half-past eight, he was astonished to find that his daughter had forgotten to put out the bread and cheese and beer. Heard one ever of housewife forgetting to lay the supper? And though he talked about nothing but Jack Easterbrook—his unexampled sufferings and his wonderful and providential preservation—this strange daughter of his was so cold and unfeeling about her old playfellow that she hardly said a word, but made haste to go to bed, where she was removed from her father's chatter, and could lie contentedly awake all night long, her foolish heart beating with the joy of this great happiness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

JACK ASHORE.

The next day, accompanied by the Admiral and Captain Petherick, Jack went to the Navy Office in Seething-lane to report himself.

And here began trouble he did not expect. For, seeing that they had long since written off the ship as cast away, and her company as dead, at first it appeared as if Jack had lost his seniority for certain, even if he had not been removed from the King's service. The latter view was stoutly maintained by the clerks, who argued that if a man has been written off as dead, he must be dead, or else, a thing impossible and absurd, if not treasonable, the Navy Office must be charged with error; so that, if he should afterwards be so rash as to return, he must either be considered out of the service, or must begin again at the bottom of the ladder; otherwise their books would have to be rewritten; very likely the estimates must be amended, and, perhaps, even a new audit undertaken. There was much correspondence on this subject carried on between the various departments; and, for aught I know, it may still be going on. While it was still in agitation, they began to send him about, like a ball at the game of cricket, from one office to another. First they sent him to the Surveyor's Department, which required him to make a return of the ship's stores and their expenditure up to the conclusion of the voyage; and asked him, also, to produce the purser's, bo's'n's, and carpenter's accounts, the muster-book and the log-book, these books being always, by regulation, required of the Captain on his return. The clerks in the Navy Office, who receive fifty pounds a year, and live at ten, or even twenty, times that rate in war time, thus showing how an honest man may prosper merely by the handling of ship's books and the passing of the Captain's papers, gave this young officer, from whose handling no profit could be obtained for themselves, as much trouble as Jacks-in-office possibly can; and, being themselves bound and tied by all kinds of rules, they are able to hamper grievously any officer who doth not first grease their palms.

Next, when Jack expected to receive the six years' pay, which was certainly due to him, there was trouble with the Comptroller's Department, which contended that, as he had not served for more than two years, he was entitled to no more than so much pay, and that only when it could be proved that he had served to the satisfaction of the Captain, who, we know, was dead and gone; and that, as regards the four years of wandering and captivity, they must not count as service at all.

Thirdly, when Jack asked permission to pass his examination in seamanship for Lieutenant's rank, it was objected by the clerks of the Secretary's department, first, that he had not, in accordance with the regulations, put in his log-books or journals; secondly, that he could not show the certificate of the Captain; and, thirdly, that he had not served for the six years required by the rules of the service. At all these vexatious delays Jack lost his temper, and would, in the Navy Office itself, give the clerks, in good fo'k'sle English, his opinion as to their motives and their honesty, which, of course, exasperated these gentlemen, and made them stand out still more stiffly for the letter of the law.

Now, while these things were under consideration, the Commissioners themselves, being informed of what had happened, sent for Jack and examined him personally concerning the ship's course, the discoveries she had made, the natural riches of the islands among which he had sailed, and the possibility of establishing settlements and posts upon them which might prove effective in restraining the insolence of the Spanish, and in preventing the establishment of the French power in those regions. Finally, they instructed him to draw up, without further delay, a Report upon the voyage, as full as his memory would allow, for the information of the Commissioners and the Government, containing all that he could remember of the course, and what he had observed concerning those islands, and especially on the force of the Spaniards on the South American shores; and, which was no doubt gall and wormwood to the clerks, my Lords the Commissioners were graciously pleased to order that the rules of the service should in this case be suspended, and that, in consideration of Mr. Easterbrook's previous good character, and undoubted sufferings after the wreck of his ship—for which he could not be held in any way accountable—his seniority should be restored to him, his years of wandering and captivity should be all counted as years of service, and that he should therefore receive full pay for the whole six years of service as midshipman on board a first-rate—namely, at two pounds five shillings a month, which made the handsome sum of one hundred and sixty-two pounds; and, lastly, that he should be permitted, on passing his examination, to assume the rank and uniform of Lieutenant, with the assurance of a commission to a ship as soon as it was possible to find one for him. This promise was given him so gravely, and by so great a personage, that Jack placed the most certain trust in it.

It was easier for Jack to pass his examination in seamanship and navigation, and to put on his new uniform, than to write the Report asked of him; for he had never the pen of a ready writer, nor had he the least knowledge of the art of composition; he had forgotten how to spell even simple words, having been deprived of books for four years; and he had almost forgotten how to write. He, therefore, by the Admiral's advice, sought the help of my father, who questioned him minutely on every point; and then, with the assistance of the charts, drew up, with his own hand, the required Report; though, with pardonable license, it purported to be written by none other than Mr. Easterbrook. It contained all the information which the author could elicit by careful and repeated examination, and, if published, would have proved a work of the greatest curiosity and instruction, embellished with the charm of learned and scholarly style which was so much admired in my father's sermons, enriched with reflections proper for the various scenes and adventures through which the (supposed) writer passed, and made useful for meditation by scriptural references. The Report was accompanied by a chart showing part of the western coast of New Holland, with that portion of the Pacific Ocean lying south of the Equator over which the Countess of Dorset had sailed. This part of the sea was depicted, by the hand which drew the chart, as covered with islands, on both sides of the ship's way, lying as thick as daisies on a grass border. Mr. Westmoreland it was who drew the chart; but he was advised and assisted by Jack himself, and by Mr. Brinjess. He painted the water blue, and the islands and coasts red. Another hand—I say not whose—decorated those parts of the ocean where no ship hath yet sailed, and nothing is yet known, with spouting whales, dolphins at play, sea-lions sporting on rocks, and canoes filled with black men. The same hand designed and painted in the northern part of the ocean, off the Island of California, the lively representation of an engagement between the great seven-decked Spanish galleon from Manila and a small English vessel, the former striking her colours, and the latter flying the flag of her country, and not the Jolly Roger, as Mr. Brinjess desired. In the left-hand corner Mr. Westmoreland drew the mariner's compass, below which he wrote a respectful dedication to my Lords the Commissioners, signed with the name of John Easterbrook, Midshipman on board the Countess of Dorset. The whole was finished and adorned with many flourishes, and in the Penman's finest style. He was so proud of his work that, I believe, he expected nothing less than a public commendation of it in the *London Gazette*, with a handsome reward in money.

Strange to say, this Report, which we hoped would have been published by order of the Admiralty, was received in silence, and was never afterwards noticed at all. I know not what became of it, for Jack obtained no acknowledgment of it, nor was any praise or reward, that I ever heard of, given to the Penman, and I suspect that the Report has never been read at all, but still lies on the shelves of the Navy Office. But, in truth, the wreck of the Countess of Dorset made little stir at the time, because this intelligence arrived when the public mind was greatly agitated by the depredations of the French privateers which were now sweeping the Channel and picking up our merchantmen, and with the efforts made by the Government to protect our coasts and the seas, so that the loss of this ship more than three years before, even in so lamentable a manner, affected people little. All this done, however, Jack returned to Deptford, taking up his quarters with the Admiral, and in very good spirits, being well assured that before long he would have his commission, and that there was going to be a long and spirited war, the French having begun with great vigour, and being already flushed with success, so that they would take a great deal of beating. He had also jingling in his pocket—no sweeter music, while it lasts—the whole of his pay for six years. With this money he was enabled to purchase a new outfit for himself, having landed, as we have seen, with nothing in the world—no, not even so much as a shirt. However, he very soon procured a sea-chest, and filled it once more with instruments, books, and a new kit, including his Lieutenant's uniform, in which it must be confessed he looked as gallant and handsome an officer as ever put on the blue and white, with none of the effeminacy and affected daintiness which too often spoil the young soldier as well as the London beau. Rather did Jack incline to the opposite vice, being, as his best friends must admit, quite deficient in the graces, ignorant of polite manners and conversation, unused to the society of ladies, and, among

men, knowing but little of what some have called the coffee-house manner—that, I mean, which one learns by intercourse with strangers and general company, in which it is necessary to concede as well as demand, to yield as well as to maintain. Yet no swaggerer, or offender against the peace of quiet men, though he certainly walked with his head in the air, as if the whole world belonged to him, and, as if it was his right, took the wall of everyone, unless an old man, a cripple, or a woman, and that with so resolute an air that even the bully-captains of the street—who are always ready to shoulder and elbow peaceful men into the gutter, and, on a mild remonstrance, to clap hand to sword-hilt, and swear blood and murder—these worthies, I say, stepped meekly, and without a word, into the mud when they beheld this young sea-lion marching towards them, over six feet in height, with shoulders and legs like a porter's for breadth and strength, splendid in his blue coat with gold-laced hat, his crimson sash, his white silk stockings, and white breeches. One thing I commended in him, that he wore his own hair, having it powdered decently, and tied in a bag with a black ribbon, a fashion which especially becomes a sailor, first, because a wig at sea, where everything should be taut and trim, must be troublesome; and secondly, because if it be blown overboard what is a man to do for another?

Fortunately for the street captains, Jack went seldom to London, where the noise of the carts and the crowd in the streets offended him. He loved not to be jostled. And the amusements of the town pleased him not. Once we went together to see the play at Drury-Lane; the piece was a comedy, very ingenious and witty, representing modern manners, or that part of modern manners which belongs to the nobility, where, I suppose, there is always intrigue, and the conversation always sparkles with epigram; the meaner kind know not this kind of life. It is pleasant to look on, and the house laughed and applauded. But Jack sat glum, and presently grew impatient and went out, and would have no more of it.

"Why," he said, "call this a play of modern life? If a man were to say to me one half of what these people continually say to each other—one calling the other, though in fine words—ass, rogue, liar, or clown, I would have cleared the whole stage long ago. Where is the English spirit gone? Let us get away."

I asked him whether he did not think the theatre made a fine sight, with the beautiful dresses of the ladies. But even this did not please him.

"Dresses?" he said, "Why, they are designed for no other purpose than to make the poor souls hideous. Hoops, powder and paint, hair dressed up—I should like, my lad, to show you beside them a bevy of South Sea Island girls, barefooted, with a simple petticoat tied round them, and their long hair flying loose. Then would you understand how a woman should look. I know a girl"—he checked himself—"well, put her, dressed as she is, in a box at the theatre, and she would be like the full moon among the twinkling stars."

I might have replied (which is, I suppose, the truth) that women have no thought of form, and cannot understand that curve which Hogarth has drawn. Therefore, they understand not why men love a woman's figure, and regard Fashion as nothing more than an exhibition of costly and beautiful stuffs, silk, lace, and embroidery, to set off which the figure serves as a frame or machine, on which they may be hung. Otherwise women would strive for a fashion at once becoming and fitted to the figure, which they would then never alter, as the Greeks retained always the same simple mode.

With these views as to ladies' dress, it is easy to understand that Jack found very little pleasure in visiting Ranelagh, or Vauxhall, though the freedom of Bag-nigge Wells was more to his taste. Nor did he delight in the coffee-houses. I took him to the Smyrna, where the politicians resort, and to the Rainbow, where the wits and templars are found; to the White Lion, in Wych-street, where they have concerts and women who sing. But he found the conversation insipid and the manners affected.

There was only one place of public resort which he heartily approved. It was the famous mughouse in Long-lane, whither one evening we went, Mr. Brooking, the painter, taking us thither. It is frequented by many brethren of the brush, who for some reason are always more inclined to mirth and gaiety than the sober merchant. In this room there are fiddles and a harp: the room is divided into small tables which drink to each other; a president calls for a song, and one song is followed by another till midnight, the company drinking to each other from table to table, some taking strong beer, some flip, some rumbo, and some punch. Jack admired greatly the freedom of conversation, which had nothing of the coffee-house stiffness; the heartiness with which one table would drink about with another; the tobacco and the singing, for which this mughouse was then famous, and all with so many jokes and so much laughter, that it was a pleasure to think there was so much happiness left in the world.

But most of his time Jack spent at Deptford: his mornings in the yard among the ships, and his evenings at the Sir John Falstaff with the Admiral, or in the Officers' Room at the Gun Tavern, whither the Lieutenants and the Midshipmen resorted for tobacco and punch.

There remained the afternoon, which, had he chosen, he might have spent with the Admiral's lady and Castilla.

"Our conversation," said that sweet girl, "hath no attraction for Jack. He loves sailors better than ladies, and tobacco better than tea; and he would rather hear the fiddle than the harpsichord, and the bawling by a brother-officer of a sea-song than a simple ditty from me."

I suppose that Castilla was naturally a little hurt that Jack showed no admiration for those accomplishments, of which she was justly proud. No one played more sweetly, or sang more prettily, the songs which she knew than Castilla. Every girl likes a little attention; but this young sea-bear gave Castilla none. Every girl likes to think that her conversation is pleasing to the men: Jack showed no pleasure at all in Castilla's talk. He was thinking, though, this we knew not yet, of another girl, whose charms bewitched him and made him insensible to any other woman.

At this period of his life it is certain that Jack loved not the conversation of ladies, finding it perhaps insipid after the fo'ks'le talk he had lately experienced in the French prison and his savage life among the Indians. "If a man," he said, "must needs associate with women at all, give me a woman who is not squeamish over a damn or two, and lets a man tell his story through his own way, without holding up her hands to her face and crying fie upon him for naughty words; and one who can mix him a glass of punch—ay, and help him to drink it—and won't begin to cough directly his pipe of tobacco is lit. As for your cards, and your music, and your drinking of tea, it is all very well for landsmen. I daresay you like handing about the cups for Madame and passing the cream and sugar to the young misses."

"You can take your tea as the Admiral takes his, Jack, with a dram of *rosa solis* after it."

"What is it at best, but a medicine? Why not ask people to come and drink physic together? Why not ask Mr. Brinjes to prescribe, as he does, his tea of betony, speedwell,

sago, or camomile? Or, if you must drink messes, there is chocolate, as the Spaniards have it. But as for tea, with the strumming of a harpsichord, and playing at cards for counters, and ladies talking fiddle-faddle, and Castilla asking you if you like this, or you would rather choose the other, I confess, my lad, I cannot endure it."

"Castilla, Jack? Surely, she is to your taste?"

"Why, as for that, she is a pretty, delicate slip of a girl; she has got soft cheeks, it is true, and brown hair. Give me a tall, strong woman, who knows her own mind and what she likes, and likes it in earnest. Give me a woman with a spice of the Devil."

"Well, Jack," I said, surprised that he was not already in love with Castilla, "there are plenty of women in Deptford who are all Devil, if they can tempt you."

He had got already, though I knew it not, a woman who possessed her full share of the element he so much desired.

In the afternoons, therefore, he did not court the society of Castilla, but he went back to his old custom, and sat for the most part in the apothecary's parlour; not so much for the pleasure which he took in the conversation of that worthy and experienced gentleman, as that in this way he could enjoy the company of another person, who generally came in accidentally about the same time, but through the garden gate and the back door, while the Lieutenant marched in boldly, for all the world to see, through the shop. As Mr. Brinjes slept for the greater part of the afternoon, these two could say what they pleased to each other without fear of being overheard. And nobody so much as suspected that they were in this room except the assistant, who stood all day at the counter rolling boluses, pounding drugs, and mixing nauseous draughts. One might have chosen a sweeter smelling place for lovemaking, but then it had the look of a cabin, and something of its smell, and Jack found no fault with it.

"We talked," Bess told me, in the time when her only pleasure was to think and talk about Jack, and when there was no one but myself with whom she could speak about him, "We talked all the afternoon in whispers so as not to wake up Mr. Brinjes, who slept among his pillows. We sat in the window seat, my head on his breast, and his fingers played with my hair, and sometimes he kissed me. Jack told me all he was going to do; he was to get his commission, and go fighting; he would go for choice where there were the hardest knocks; they would make a vast deal of prize money; and he would get promoted, and made Captain, with twelve pounds a month, and then, when he came home, he would marry me."

"And did Mr. Brinjes," I asked, "never wake up, and interrupt this pastime?"

She laughed. "Why, when he woke up, he would say, 'Kiss her again, Jack. She is the best girl in Deptford. I have saved her for thee. Kiss her again.' He has always been kind to me, and would never believe that Jack was drowned, and would still be talking of him, which was the reason why I knew him again when he came back. And then, Mr. Brinjes would sit up and talk about his treasure, and how he shall some day fit out a ship, and we are all to go sailing after the treasure, which is to be my marriage portion, when it is recovered, so that Jack will marry, after all, the greatest heiress in England."

These things I heard, I say, after Jack went to sea again, and while Bess, like so many women, sat at home waiting and praying for her lover's safe return. All that time, no one knew, or so much as suspected, what was going on. Otherwise, I fear, hard things would have been said of poor Bess by those of her own sex. Men, in such matters, judge each other more leniently, and with less suspicion.

If now, Jack had not been first recognised by Bess; if he had not gone to see her the first day of his arrival; if—but what doth it profit to say that if such and such things had not happened other things would have turned out differently? It is vain and foolish talk. Our lives are not governed by blind chance; and we must not doubt that, for some wise end which we know not and are not expected to know, or even to guess, all that happens to us is ordered and settled for us beforehand.

(To be continued.)

#### GRASMERE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Lake district of Westmorland and Cumberland is famed for the athletic prowess of its stalwart sons. Their annual gathering last week at Grasmere drew many visitors to that romantic valley. Among them were the Earl of Bective, the Hon. W. Lowther, M.P., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of London, and most of the Cumberland and Westmorland gentry, with many ladies. The programme of sports and exercises comprised the running high leap, the long leap, pole leaping, several flat races, hound-dog running on a scent trail, heavy and light weight wrestling, and the guides' race to the rocky summit of Silver Howe, of which our Artist, Mr. Overend, has drawn an illustration. Silver Howe is 1200 ft. high, looking down on the village of Grasmere and the quiet churchyard where Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge are buried. The competitors, who were local guides, had to climb to the first summit, and to go round a flag, where each competitor was required to deliver his name written on paper, with which he had been provided for the purpose, and return by the same path or thereabouts. There were sixteen entries. The men got well away, and every eye was strained to watch the toilsome ascent, the air being bright and clear, so that for the most part the men were discernible throughout. A number of spectators assembled at the foot of the hill, while others stood near the flag at the summit. As the men came in, they were placed as follows:—(1) T. Lancaster, Force Forge; (2) J. Grisdale, Drigg; (3) J. Watson, Uswick; (4) J. Marr, Coniston; (5) M. Oldcorn, Broughton-in-Furness; (6) J. Bulfield, Workington; (7) T. Dunne, Millom; (8) G. Marr, Dalton; (9) W. Oldfield, Grasmere. The following also entered:—W. Dunne, Roose; J. Close, Barrow; R. Wiley, St. John's; W. Horn, Keswick; W. Coates, Grasmere; W. Thirnbeck, Sedbergh; J. Booth, Ulverston. Lancaster covered the distance in 15 min. 30 sec. He was the winner last year, when he ran it in 15 min. Looking at the men tearing down over the rocks, it seemed a wonder that some of them did not break their necks. The leaping was good; J. Nichol, of Plumland, the winner in the running high leap, cleared 5 ft. 4 in.; and so did T. Ray, an amateur. R. Hogg, of Hawick, made a long leap of 20 ft. 6 in.; 10 ft. high was done with the pole by Joseph Thwaites of Keswick. The mile race for amateurs was won by R. Scott, of Witherslack, running the mile in five minutes and twenty seconds. In the wrestling, the best heavy weights were G. Lowden, of Frizington, G. Steadman, of Drybeck, and Hexham Clark, of Seaton; the best light weights, J. Robinson, of Cockermouth, and J. Prickett, of Barrow. A silver salver was presented by Lady Farquhar to the veteran wrestler, T. Longmire, the champion, who has been umpire at Grasmere nearly twenty years. The arrangements of the committee, superintended by Mr. F. J. Green and Mr. S. Read, the secretaries, were carried out with complete success. The music of the Kendal Volunteers' band enlivened the company in the cricket-field at Pavement End.

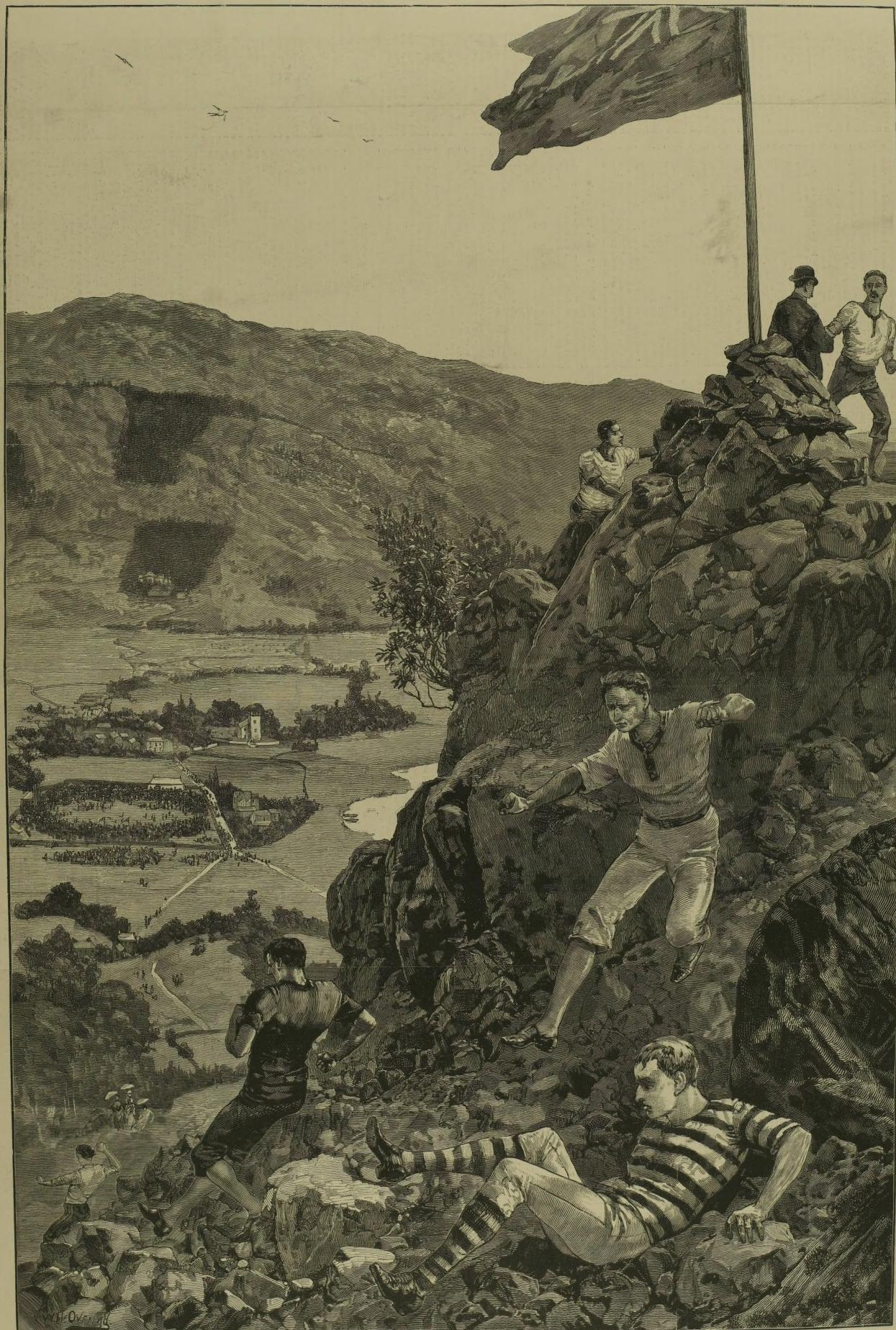
#### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The ladies of the Royal family have shown much interest in the diffusion of a knowledge of the art of healing amongst their sex. Princess Alice was a practical nurse herself, and took sincere interest in the science of health. "I have read and studied a great deal about the human body," the Grand Duchess of Hesse wrote to her Majesty: "about children and their treatment, &c. It interests me immensely. Besides, it is always useful to know such things, so that one is not perfectly ignorant of the reasons why doctors wish one to do certain things; and in any moment of illness, before there is time for a doctor to come, one can be able to help oneself a little. I know you [i.e., our Queen] don't like these things. But instead of finding it disgusting, it only fills me with admiration to see how wonderfully we are made." Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice have both patronised the lessons of the St. John's Ambulance Association on first aid to the injured. Princess Christian, too, has taken the trouble to translate and have published in English, a little manual on "First Aid to the Injured," by her brother-in-law, Dr. Esmarch—the army surgeon whom Prince Christian's sister married. It is interesting to learn that her Royal Highness's knowledge was of practical service the other day. Her eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, after making a capital score for his side, in a cricket-match at Windsor, hurt his finger at the wicket. His mother immediately dressed it, and so scientifically that the surgeon did not need to disturb the bandages till the next day.

I am glad that Dr. Alfred Carpenter, the well-known authority on Hygiene, has said a word for the unfortunate dogs. It is, of course, eminently desirable that the crowd of masterless stray dogs, the foundlings of the canine community, should be cleared out of the streets; though Dr. Carpenter believes that even they have their use as amateur scavengers. But the vast number of our four-legged friends, who inhabit comfortable homes, but who cannot be supplied with the services of a constant attendant to lead them by a chain, and who slip unmuzzled and unperceived out of the door, and start off in a happy frame of mind for a little quiet exercise, from which, alas! they never return—these are they who are being mourned for just now in countless tender mistresses' hearts. The muzzle is calculated to make a self-respecting dog mad with humiliation; the leading-string is sure to injure his health by depriving him of useful exercise. It is a cruel persecution of our "gentle fellow-creature." The owner of a dog should decidedly be held responsible for its good conduct, and be liable for damages to any person bitten by it. But it is a hard and a useless measure to condemn all the dogs to muzzle and chain for an indefinite period. The main result is to so impress terror on the minds of persons bitten by dogs—an occurrence which no police regulations can prevent—that they become nervously convulsed, and die. Why, in the ten years ending 1875, only 334 persons died of hydrophobia. In the same period, over 320,000 died of bronchitis. Pity we can't muzzle the east wind! Yet we do not consider a man doomed to death directly *Aeolus* strikes his chest.

M. Pasteur and the newspapers are responsible for the great number of hydrophobia cases just now. Every death is reported with all manner of terrible circumstance; and every person bitten by a dog is persuaded that he is in danger of death unless he posts off to Paris to Pasteur. So far from this being correct, few of those who are bitten, even by dogs unquestionably mad, suffer from hydrophobia. John Hunter stated that in one instance that he knew, twenty-one persons were bitten, but only one fell ill. In another authentic case, three out of fifteen bitten died. Dr. Elliottson reported a case in his own practice, where a dog bit two little girls, sisters, in immediate succession; one died (and, curiously, this was the one last bitten), the other showed no symptoms. Again, a vast number of dog bites are not given by mad animals, but only by irritated or ill-tempered ones; and these latter are the ones that would be justly condemned to death if our law had the sense to make masters responsible for damages caused by their four-footed as they are for those done by their biped servants. But mere anger bites never produce true hydrophobia, though perhaps they do convulsions from terror. Four thousand persons have been treated for dog bites at St. George's Hospital. In all probability, had any of them become ill afterwards they would have returned there; but the hospital has no record of a single one of the persons in question having hydrophobia. There is thus extremely small reason to be alarmed at a dog bite, even if the animal be known to be rabid; and none at all if it be merely cross. I venture to write all this here because women are the natural nurses of the family, and therefore interested in all health subjects; and also because I have just had an experience which has made me very glad, indeed, that I knew it myself. My little girl of six years old was recently bitten on the thumb by a wretched whipper-snapper of a black terrier, who found his way into the garden. His tiny canine teeth nearly met through the delicate flesh, but the wound, after careful washing and binding with carbolic ointment, soon healed up. A fortnight after it had appeared quite cured, it became inflamed, there was pain in the arm, and some general feverishness. Had she been ten years older, or even now had she seen me grow alarmed, she would probably have begun to worry, and soon have been in nervous fever, and perhaps convulsions. But we kept cool, treated it as though it were any other poisoned wound, and in a few days more all was right again. My anxiety was really, of course, considerable. It would have been intolerable had I not known how seldom dog bites have positively serious results.

Special attention is called by a piece of news distressing to farmers to the fact that a lady is the consulting entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain. In accordance with Dr. Moore's theories, she is a single lady—Miss Eleanor Ormerod. This lady is also lecturer on entomology at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. These important posts were, of course, bestowed on Miss Ormerod for no other reason than that she had the most complete scientific and practical knowledge of the insect world of any person in the kingdom. The incident which brings her name at this juncture prominently into public notice is the discovery of a new parasite in the growing wheat and barley in Great Britain. The insect has been submitted to Miss Ormerod, who pronounces it to be the Hessian fly, a parasite which works great mischief in grain in Canada and other parts of the world. Accordingly, nobody doubts any longer that the intruder is the Hessian fly, and the Royal Agricultural Society has issued a circular stating what should be done with affected crops, and advising all farmers, who may have reason to suspect the existence of the larva in their growing straw, to communicate at once with Miss Ormerod. This lady's position affords a striking instance of the fact that women can work their way, by proved ability, into posts of the highest authority and usefulness. It is interesting to know that Miss Ormerod attributes her love for natural history to inheritance of her mother's tastes, and habits of learning and doing all things thoroughly to that mother's precepts and rules inculcated on her children. F. F. M.



ATHLETIC SPORTS AT GRASMERE.—THE GUIDES' RACE: ROUNDING THE FLAG ON SILVER HOWE.



"ADELINÁ."

FROM A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING BY CHENNEVIERE.

## NOVELS.

There is considerably more than meets the eye in *One Thing Needful*: by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" (John and Robert Maxwell); that is to say, there are two stories in the three volumes, to which the title of the first story only is given. The other is called "Cut by the County." Neither of them is in the writer's very best manner, so far as intricate plot and exciting incidents are concerned, but a second-best manner, no doubt, is good enough for general readers in the case of so attractive a story-teller; and, on the other hand, neither of them is open to the objections which have been sometimes made to the same writer's most elaborate and most powerful works on grammatical and other grounds. The "one thing needful," be it observed, is neither true religion, as some speculators may be inclined to bet that it is, nor money, as others would take it to be; it is just nothing but love, which to woman, and to woman only, according to the experienced writer's authority, is the unique requirement. It were impertinent, perhaps, to inquire how, if this be so, the most loving and beloved of wives should always be so careful and troubled about the affairs of the household, and about so trivial a matter as having "nothing to wear." However that may be, the romance is very effectively written; there is a very vigorous and graphic description of a fire, and the antecedents and consequences of it are handled in a manner not unworthy of the popular novelist; the character and proceedings of the hunchback lord being sketched in a style that awakens sympathy and respect, and reflects great credit upon the producer of such a sketch. As for "Cut by the County," it contains a great deal of admirable work—portraiture, descriptive narration, and dialogue; there is a lack of originality, however, about the fundamental conception, though it is worked up to a tremendous climax with not a little ingenuity. A husband and father wounded almost to death by the hand of a man whom he supposes to be his wife's lover, but who is really his wife's son, and his daughter's accepted suitor and lying insensible in the presence of the two women, each knowing the whole or a large part of the truth, is a situation strong enough to suit the views of the most melodramatically inclined reader of novels. The worst of it is, this striking position of affairs can only be brought about by a course of conduct which does violence to one's notions of what is natural and consistent. But for that, fortunately, the genuine lover of fiction cares little or nothing.

A heart-breaking, but one-sided picture of Irish life, vividly coloured and carefully painted, provocative of mingled pity, horror, and indignation, having an intimately close bearing upon a burning question of the day, is exhibited in *Norah Moriarty*: by Amos Reade (William Blackwood and Sons), a story which will move some readers to tears, others to hot anger, and all to wonder at one time and to disgust at another. The author begs us not to imagine that he has "laid it on too thick," to use a familiar phrase; and perhaps he has not, as regards certain districts of Ireland; but it is impossible to accept the description as a faithful representation of what has been lately and is still going on in all parts of the island. An exception, of course, must be made of the northern; and readers must be pardoned if they refuse to regard the various scenes of the terrible drama as applicable to any but the exceptionally bad localities, the congenial home of "Captain Moonlight" and his murderous, merciless band. Norah Moriarty is a type of the Irishwoman, as we English have most of us been taught, have been wont, and have been delighted to consider her—beautiful, light-hearted, virtuous, garrulous, humorous, religious, affectionate, loyal, honest, ready to die for the right and to denounce the wrong; and her husband is the masculine counterpart of her. He is a tenant-farmer, willing and able to pay his rent, so that he falls under the suspicion of "the bhoys"; and what he and his wife and their friends and acquaintance have to endure at the hands of those same "bhoys" is beyond credibility in an age and a country to which the term "civilised" is commonly applied. And they endure it strange to say, from their own brethren, as it were, from their fellow-Celts, their fellow-Roman Catholics (though the religious distinction seems to have less weight than it had formerly). Time was when all the books we read about Ireland enlisted our sympathies on the side of the oppressed Irish Celt against his "Saxon" oppressor, when in imagination we joined the ranks of the Irish rebels; but now we are horrified at the atrocities perpetrated by Irishmen against Irishmen, against Irish landlords for venturing to desire a moderately fair rent, and against Irish tenants for exhibiting an honest desire to pay it. No doubt, there is much to be said on the other side; no doubt, there are speculative landlords, who are neither Irish nor English, nor anything but selfish and heartless adventurers, who would evict without mercy their own flesh and blood; and, no doubt, there are tyrannical deeds against which a very worm might be expected to turn. But, as has been stated, the book under consideration deals only with one side: what landlords, however good and considerate, and what tenants, because they are industrious and honest, have to expect from the adherents of the National League. A dreadful story it is, fascinating with the fascination of horror, and readable from sheer fascination, exercised partly by the horrible facts themselves, and partly by the impressive and skilful exposition of them.

How much is done by a mere happy way of putting things, by a pleasant, easy, half-serious, half-jocose fashion of dealing with the business of life and the language in which it is described, especially when there is a store of good-humoured satire and simple pathos always at command, is proved in *My Friend Jim*: by W. E. Norris (Macmillan and Co.), a charming story, though remarkable for little more than singular felicity of touch. For, when the bare facts are stated, there is absolutely "nothing in them; nothing, that is to say, new to writers and readers of romances. Fresh, certainly, it all is; but that comes of the process to which the old material is subjected; it is like used linen that has been washed and starched and ironed, and not too much starched. The bare facts are as follows. Three Eton boys (of whom one is supposed to tell the tale in the first person, an easy but inartistic mode of composing a novel) leave school all together, but continue their friendship. There is nothing very new or striking about that; nor is there anything of the kind about the fact that two of them fall in love with one and the same lovely, scheming, heartless flirt, who plays them off one against the other, causing one to behave very unhandsomely to the other, rendering a breach of friendship almost inevitable, and ultimately eloping with the one who seems more likely than the other to promote her ambitious views; or about the fact that she turns out a bad wife, a bad mother, and a bad woman altogether; or about the fact that she subsequently (not to say, consequently) becomes a Duchess in prospect, having already constructively brought about the ruin of a husband, who was not nearly so bad as herself, and the extinction (in the male line) of a noble family; or about the fact that the least brilliant, but the most morally worthy of the three friends, does best for himself and for others; or about the fact that this is really all the story there is to tell, if details and episodes be

omitted. But then the narrative is so delightfully set forth, and those details and episodes, with the bits of character-sketching entailed, are so neatly and attractively handled, that quite a marvel is accomplished. Let the two volumes be put to the test; whoever takes them up and looks into them will not be easily induced to let them go as long as there is a line still to be read. And, when at last they have been laid aside, the memory will long remain of the lords and ladies and of the commoners that figure therein; especially of little Lord Sunning and his pathetic end.

Extravagant as "A Romance of Two Worlds" undoubtedly was in some respects, it was, on the whole, a very beautiful novel, pure and ethereal in conception and tone and doctrine; the more pity, therefore, that *Vendetta*: by Marie Corelli (Richard Bentley and Son), should have proceeded from the same pen, since it is little else but an orgie of sensationalism. Powerful and picturesque, yes; but with the power of raving madness, the picturesqueness of a lurid pandemonium. The writer's object, too, is excellent, no doubt: to impress upon everybody whom the book may reach how heinous is the sin of a faithless wife, how inadequate a provision is divorce, how positively dangerous to society and morals are the tame English legal proceedings, which drag their slow length along, have nothing solemn, awe-striking, appalling about them, and have the effect of making adultery regarded by the thoughtless majority as a light offence, and its consequences and accessories, when it is detected and exposed before the tribunals, as a comedy performed for the general amusement. That the faithlessness of a wife (not of a husband—that is comparatively of no account) deserves swift, sharp, sanguinary vengeance, after the "tue-la" doctrine of Alexandre Dumas, the younger, is taught in this novel by symbol, by precept, and by practice, from the gilt hand holding the gilt dagger on the blood-red covers to the revoltingly cruel, and blasphemous scene at the end of the third volume. So much blood, thunder, and hideous profanity is seldom found within the six covers of three volumes; the agony is piled up to a diabolical extent, and almost the only relief is a picture of King Humbert showing an example to the potentates of the earth during an epidemic of cholera at Naples. Cold-blooded, law-abiding, damages-demanding Englishmen are invited to come and see how the Southern temperament deals with faithless wives. It may be quite true that virtue has gone out of Englishwomen (or a good many of them) since facilities for divorce have been increased, and since a knowledge of the French language has become more widely diffused, leading (paradoxical as it may seem on a superficial view) to the spread of French novels of the baser sort in translation also; and that the English mode of dealing with breakages of the Seventh Commandment tends to levity and to a disregard of honour: but, on the other hand, the more terrible and violent methods adopted so frequently in Italy and other happy, sunny, warm-blooded nationalities cannot be said to have been so successful in extirpating the evil of conjugal infidelity as to make us feel at all confident that the adoption of like summary and sanguinary courses among ourselves would be noticeably efficacious. At any rate, anything would be better than that an English gentleman should ever condescend—even if he were the injured husband of so vile a creature as the heroine of this novel—to the low level, as regards morals and manners and code of behaviour, of the unutterable scoundrel who acts the part of hero. Something might be said, perhaps, for the Draconian "tue-la"; but no gentleman, no true man, would torture her and insult her into the bargain. Instead of an awful, stern, but just avenger, the writer gives us a revolting, contemptible ruffian.

We are reminded of the gentleman whose end was so much more becoming (in the opinion of the historian) than his life had been by what is recorded of the heroine at the end of *Fatal Bonds*: by Richard Dowling (Ward and Downey), where she behaves in a manner which would have commanded the approval of a Roman matron, which cuts a sort of Gordian knot, which releases several persons from a most unpleasant and embarrassing position, and, what is more, sets the author free to begin another clever and thrilling romance. That something tragic (or sensational) must come of it when a young lady of lovely but somewhat alarming appearance is constantly dropping "a small ivory-handled dagger" out of some part of her clothes, is a matter of course: perhaps she will stick it into you when you pick it up for her, perhaps into her husband, perhaps into her lover, perhaps into her enemy, perhaps into herself, perhaps into various personages in due succession. Into whom, and into how many victims the fair Louise introduces the point of her inseparable weapon, and with what fatal or other results, may be discovered from the pages of the novel. It is more to the point here to remark that she is a very singular specimen of her sex—a creature of impulse, a wild and wayward being. She marries a young gentleman because she thinks (though he does not appear to have told her) that he is rich; and then, finding out that she is mistaken (though he is tolerably well off, and has very fair prospects), she "lets him hear of it," calls him all the villains she can think of, asks him what he means by his atrocious and deceitful conduct, informs him (as he has no difficulty in believing) that she never loved him and only cared for his (quite gratuitously imagined) wealth, and expresses her intention (immediately carried into effect) of leaving him, and considering their contract at an end. There is reason to believe that he is rather glad than otherwise; but, of course, he "dissembles," and, besides, he has some scruples about the marriage-tie. She, naturally, has none at all, laughs bigamy to scorn, and speedily marries "another." Now "another" turns out to be an intimate friend of her first "venture." Here, then, is what the classical authors call "a pretty kettle of fish"; and the reader may be left to enjoy it. Surprises and ingenious devices are freely provided; but none is productive of greater astonishment than the bold and sudden manoeuvre whereby the heroine is accommodated with five thousand pounds and a kind of convenient "double" at almost a moment's notice. By this means, however, the reader is supplied with no little amusement, as well as some solid entertainment; and therefore has no ground for objection. Besides, otherwise, the story must needs come to a dead stop—a thing "very tolerable, not to be endured."

Poetic intensity of feeling is exhibited in nearly every sentence of *The Destruction of Gotham*: by Joaquin Miller (Funk and Wagnalls), a statement which will surprise nobody who knows (and everybody should know) what a true poet the author is; though, upon this occasion, it suits him to glow like fire, and rush like a torrent, and delineate like the photographic sun, in less congenial prose. As regards head and tail—especially tail—the story, perhaps, is open to the remark that was made by Coleridge himself about his "Ancient Mariner"; but it certainly contains a very effective presentiment of New York; its inhabitants, and the life they lead; the good and the evil—particularly the evil—that dwells therein; the antagonism between the various sections of society; the feverish pursuit of wealth, and nothing but wealth; the contrast between squalor and opulence; the cruel calculation with which the wicked and comparatively powerful seek to devour the innocent and defenceless, even as a shell-clad lobster will watch to make a

meal off his shell-shedding brother, and the destruction which he inferentially prophesies for the city itself. Apart from the power and interest belonging to the style and the tale, the book will teach a useful lesson, and convey a valuable premonition to those misguided people who think that all is liberty and plenty and brotherly love and kindness, with no social distinctions and no imitation of caste, on the other side of the Atlantic, and are not aware that if there be a city which can "give points" to London and Paris in a match of sin and misery, and all that is painful and abominable, it is the comparatively young city of New York, the city that "is drunk; not drunk entirely with drink, but drunk with riches and with the love of pleasure."

The Severn Tunnel is to be opened for traffic on Sept. 1.

Mr. Nicholas Atkinson, Solicitor-General of British Guiana, has been appointed a Puisne Judge of that colony.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Lecturer in Common Law to the Liverpool Board of Legal Studies.

The Royal Dublin Society's annual horse-show opened on Tuesday at the society's premises, Ball's Bridge. There are 830 entries, being fifty more than at last year's show.

Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, is on his way back to Ottawa, having had a very enthusiastic reception in British Columbia. During his journey there were many loyal manifestations towards the Queen and the Mother Country.

Fifteen steamers have been chartered by the Indian Government for the conveyance of troops to Burmah. The departure of the reinforcements, however, has been postponed for a month.

The tenants on the Salter's estate, Magherafelt, in the county of Derry, have bought their holdings under the provisions of Lord Ashbourne's Act. The purchase money amounts to £220,000, spread over a term of forty-nine years, and arranged on the basis of nineteen years and a half purchase of the net valuation, which is twenty to twenty-five per cent below the existing rents. Of the 864 tenants on the estates, only forty did not give in their adherence to the scheme.

The joint autumnal cottagers' shows, held under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society and the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, was opened in the Conservatory of the Colonial Exhibition on Tuesday. The shows were both of unusual excellence, being exceptionally strong in vegetables. Among the twenty-two classes in which the cottagers' show was divided, the most notable were those devoted to potatoes.

A selection of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of vases, arms, tools, foundation-deposits, jewellery, and works of ancient art in stone, bronze, terra-cotta, glass, &c., recently discovered by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie at Tell-Nebesheh, a dependency of Tanis, and at Tell-Defenneh (the Biblical "Tahpanhes," the "Daphne" of the Greek historians), will be on view at the room of the Archaeological Institute, Oxford Mansion, near Regent-circus, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from ten till four o'clock, from Sept. 2 to the 21st.

The sixth annual meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association opened at Swansea on Monday night with an official reception by the Mayor (Mr. Rees) at the Royal Institution. The retiring president, Lord Tredegar, presided. The Mayor heartily welcomed the members of the association to Swansea. A vote of thanks having been passed to the retiring president, Mr. Dillwyn Llewelyn, the president-elect, took the chair, and gave the opening address. During the week Mid and West Glamorgan have been explored.

The Hon. J. C. Bray, Colonial Treasurer of South Australia, has made a statement in the House of Assembly amending the Budget which he introduced in June last. The Treasurer states that since June the prospects of the colony have materially improved, and that he is enabled to increase his revenue estimate by £103,333, while the estimated expenditure remains unaltered. The estimated deficit amounts to £809,000. The proposal to reduce the salaries of Civil servants is abandoned. The wheat yield in South Australia is estimated at seven bushels per acre. Rains continue to fall in the colony.

A number of persons interested in mechanical inventions last week met at 126, London-wall, by invitation from Mr. Hermann Loog, to inspect a new sewing-machine. It differs from the ordinary lock-stitch machines, by looping one thread round the other, instead of twisting them together, and making a knot which does not come undone if one thread breaks. Among other inventions, on view at the same place, are an automatic self-steering perambulator, and several new mechanical musical instruments; one is a revolving musical pedestal, for any object displayed in a shop or at a bazaar, the machinery of which is very powerful. These ingenious contrivances were examined by the visitors, who were surprised by their results in performance.

York August Meeting opened on Tuesday. Mr. J. Lowther won the Badminton Plate with Antonina and the Lonsdale Plate with Sub Rosa; Mr. Heasman the Bradgate Park Stakes with Cheveley; Lord Lascelles the Great Breeders' Convivial Produce Stakes with Whittington; Mr. R. Peck the Yorkshire Oaks with Philosophy and the Zetland Stakes with Forbidden Fruit; and Mr. Manton the North of England Biennial Stakes with Gay Hermit. On Wednesday the early races resulted in Archer's winning the Ebor St. Leger on St. Michael for Mr. D. Baird, and in the same popular jockey's success in the Rous Stakes, which he won for Lord Londonderry on Horton. Mr. "Childwick" then found consolation in the compulsory "scratching" of Saraband for the St. Leger in Le Caissier's carrying off of the Great Ebor Handicap Plate.

The latest addition to *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*, edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock), is a continuation of the preceding volume, and is entirely devoted to archeology. The most competent writers contributed to the pages of a periodical that, in its palmy days, was especially devoted to antiquarian subjects. It is well, therefore, to have a record so complete as this of the opinions current among men of learning in the last century, and in our own, upon questions which are for the most part of permanent interest. The editor, who observes with truth that our historians have now discovered the great importance of antiquarian knowledge, a branch of knowledge disregarded by Hume, adds that the various writers in the magazine have preserved facts which, but for them, would have been lost. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to "Stones and Stone Circles," and a portion still larger to Anglo-Saxon antiquities. There is also a chapter on "Scandinavian Antiquities," which carries the reader to the Orkney Islands, where some interesting discoveries have been made. Dr. Johnson, by-the-way, used to say that the hedges were of stone in Scotland, and that it was wonderful to see a country so denuded of trees. This joke about the barrenness of the land would not have much point now-a-days, but, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Scotland in ancient times was densely wooded, and the forests from the fifth to the fourteenth century far exceeded in magnitude those of England.



NAVAL MANŒUVRES AT MILFORD HAVEN: COMMENCEMENT OF THE ATTACK.

## THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

An Irishman has rarely been selected to preside over the Irish Government. This at least may be said for the new appointment under the Conservative Administration. The sixth Marquis of Londonderry, the Right Hon. Charles Stewart Vane-Tempest Stewart, is also, in the United Kingdom Peerage, Viscount Seaham, Earl Vane, and Baron Stewart; and, in the Irish Peerage, Viscount Castlereagh, Earl of Londonderry, and Baron Londonderry. He is the descendant of an ancient family of Yorkshire and Durham, one of whom, Sir Thomas Tempest, was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland in 1640; and of another family, the Stewarts, of Donegal and of Mount Stewart, county Down, who settled in that country in the seventeenth century. The British peerages of Vane and Seaham were conferred in 1823, after the union of the two families; but the first Irish peer was the Right Hon. Robert Stewart, of Ballylawn Castle, in Donegal, and of Mount Stewart, who was created Baron Londonderry in 1789, Viscount Castlereagh in 1795, Earl of Londonderry in 1796, and Marquis in 1816. By his first wife, a daughter of the Marquis of Hertford, he had a son, Robert Stewart, who became the celebrated Lord Castlereagh, Chief Secretary to the Irish Government at the time of the Union, and who was afterwards Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, being Marquis of Londonderry a few months before his death in 1822. The third Marquis was his half-brother, Charles William Stewart, whose mother, the second wife of the first Lord Londonderry, was a daughter of Earl Camden, sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He married, first, a daughter of the Earl of Darnley, one of the Royal Scottish lineage of Stewarts; and secondly, in 1819, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Vane-Tempest, of Durham. The mother of this lady was the Countess of Antrim, Lady Anne Katherine MacDonnell, through whom the Vane-Tempests were connected with one of the oldest families in the north of Ireland. The third Marquis of Londonderry was a distinguished military officer, a comrade of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War, and was Ambassador at Vienna in 1822. He was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, as aforesaid, by the titles of Earl Vane and Viscount Seaham, and was appointed a Knight of the Garter on the death of the Duke of Wellington. At his death, in 1852, the Irish titles passed to his eldest son, the fourth Marquis; while the British peerages, by special limitation, went to his second son, George Henry Robert Charles William Vane-Tempest; but the latter became, in 1872, also Marquis of Londonderry, his half-brother dying without issue. He sat in the House of Commons twenty-six years, as M.P. for the county of Down. He married the only daughter of Sir John Edwards, of Garth, Montgomeryshire, and was the father of the present Marquis, who was born in

1852. His Lordship was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford; in 1875 he married Lady Theresa Susie Helen Talbot, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, and has several children. He succeeded to the peerage and estates in 1884. He has not a seat in the Cabinet, but the Chief Secretary, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, will bear the main political responsibility of Irish administration.

The Portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

## NAVAL MANOEUVRES IN MILFORD HAVEN.

The series of manoeuvres continued during several days last week, by orders of the Admiralty and the War Office, were not intended as a trial of skill between the land and sea forces, but as experimental and practical, so as to gain all possible information from the results. The space used for the operations of the defence was confined to a portion of the channel nearly 3000 yards long and 700 yards broad, marked out by various contrivances, while all other parts were regarded as impassable for both sides. The defence of the Haven was supposed to be intrusted to a field battery of Royal Artillery and two garrison batteries, two companies of Royal Engineers, two companies of Volunteer Submarine Mining Engineers, from Cardiff, and a battalion of infantry. These troops had the assistance of a naval flotilla of three gun-boats, six torpedo-boats and six guard-boats, the latter being represented by fast steamers. The Engineers had put down a complete system of submarine mines and a boom of timbers and chains, while the Stack and South Hook forts had the duty of opposing the attacking fleet, and other guns were placed in positions which the defence might consider advantageous; but the fleet was to land no troops for the attack. On the other hand, it was directed that the protection of the mines by the swift steaming guard-boats was to be especially noted and reported upon, also the manner in which the batteries on the shore might assist in keeping off the attacking fleet from the mine-field. Reports were also required as to the best method of disposing of torpedo-boats. The operations began on Monday, when the ships of the Channel Squadron entered the harbour, consisting of the Minotaur, Admiral Hewett's flag-ship, the Agincourt, flag-ship of Admiral Fremantle, second in command, the Sultan, Iron Duke, Monarch, and Hecla torpedo-ship. The vessels dropped anchor at the margin of the advanced mine-field, and next day the crews were busily engaged in preparations for the attack. Torpedo nets were got out by the ironclads, and countermines were lowered over the side and got ready for use by the boat flotilla, which crowded around the huge ships of war. The defending force was on the alert, and an occasional feint on the part of the enemy quickly drew the fire of the forts and batteries ashore. The preparations of the squadron seemed to be pretty complete, and on Tuesday night the gun-boats of the attack first advanced, while the torpedo-boats of the defence

crept out towards the hostile ironclads. The electric lights from the ships and forts threw broad and bright gleams over the harbour, searching for these small vessels in every direction. Many private yachts, including Lord Brassey's Sunbeam, Lord Wolverton's Palatine, and the Vivid, with Admiral Dowell on board, enabled a large company to enjoy this beautiful sight. The gun-boats of Sir William Hewett's squadron drove back the defenders, under the guns of the



THE QUEEN AT EDINBURGH: VISIT TO THE ROYAL BLIND ASYLUM, CRAIGMILLAR.

forts, which fired continually; and, at half-past twelve o'clock, a whale-boat, conducted by Lieutenant Hewett, carrying a charge of gun-cotton with connecting wires, got close to the boom and fixed the charge beneath it. The explosion, a few minutes afterwards, tore the boom asunder, shattering it for a length of sixty yards; another operation of the same kind, by a first-class torpedo-boat, was equally successful. Then the Seahorse, gun-boat, went at full speed at the boom, struck and broke it, and passed through, while countermines were rapidly laid and fired to clear away the other obstacles in front of the boom. The further operations, resumed on Wednesday night, were directed to removing, in spite of the defenders' active opposition, the submerged and surface-floating mines that covered the main space inside the boom. This was effected by dropping countermines, each of which, on being fired by wires from the ships, cleared a space of 100 ft.; thirty-six countermines were laid in a line along the whole length of the protected channel; and the result was that Admiral Hewett, if he had thought proper, could have brought his ships into the harbour. The defence, however, under the direction of Major-General Lyons, with Commander Campbell in charge of the gun-boats and torpedo-boats, had been ably conducted; and the report of the official umpires, Major-General Smyth and Captain Bosanquet, with their assistants, will be eagerly expected. The whole plan of attack and defence was arranged and superintended by a committee of which Colonel Schaw, R.E., was chairman, appointed by the War Office.

It is announced from Mandalay that 1000 lives were lost by the bursting of the Bund.

After the close of the military manoeuvres near St. Petersburg, the Czar was, on Tuesday, present at a naval review at Cronstadt, in which fifty-six ships of war took part.

The Hon. G. R. Dibbs, who resigned recently owing to a difference with his colleagues, has withdrawn his resignation, and remains Colonial Secretary of New South Wales.

At the Amalienborg Palace, on Monday morning, the King of Denmark presented new colours to the Royal Hussar Guards, of which the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel. King Luis of Portugal left Copenhagen for Sweden on Thursday week.

Yesterday week the Crown Princess of Germany and her daughters left Berlin for Campiglio, in the north of Italy, where they will stay in strict seclusion for some weeks. The Marquis Tseng was received in audience by the Emperor William last Saturday, and afterwards dined with his Majesty. The Marquis Tseng took his departure from Berlin on Monday.

The trial at Chicago of the Anarchists who were engaged in the riots in that city in May, in which a murderous attack was made upon the police, concluded yesterday week. Seven of the prisoners were sentenced to be hanged, and an eighth to fifteen years imprisonment.—Attempts, successful and otherwise, to pass the Niagara rapids are becoming too frequent to be noticed.

The Hon. J. R. Dickson, the Queensland Colonial Treasurer, has made his financial statement in the Legislative Assembly. He estimates the revenue for the year 1886-87 at £3,000,000, and the expenditure at £3,069,000, leaving a deficit of £69,000, which he attributed to the cessation of the land sales under the new Land Act, and to the effects of a four-years' drought of unprecedented severity. This, however, had now entirely disappeared.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has been deposed. His palace at Sofia was surrounded last Saturday morning, and he was immediately escorted out of the principality. After the deposition, a meeting of the inhabitants of Sofia was held, at which a resolution was passed praying the Czar again to extend his sympathy to Bulgaria at this grave conjuncture. In the meantime, a Provisional Government has been formed, with Mgr. Clement, the Metropolitan of Tzernova, as the Prime Minister. So far, tranquillity, it is reported, prevails in the principality. In his proclamation to the people, Mgr. Clement, the Provisional President of the Bulgarian Government, informs the people that Prince Alexander has renounced the throne of Bulgaria for ever, and formally signed his abdication, convinced that his reign would be fatal to the nation.—But another change was announced on Wednesday. The *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, of that date, publishes intelligence from Kalafat, stating that the Provisional Government at Sofia had been overthrown, and that Mgr. Clement, Major Groueff, and M. Zankoff had been arrested, and the former Ministry, under the Presidency of M. Karaveloff, reinstated. It was added that the troops, who were led to take the oath of allegiance to the new Government owing to the announcement of the voluntary abdication of the Prince and the misleading proclamation which was issued, were, like the civil population, highly exasperated, and refused to acknowledge the new Government. From Bucharest it was reported that Prince Alexander had been called back to Sofia.

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BLINDS.

### THE SILENT MEMBER.

St. Stephen's is a sorry substitute for seaside and moor, river and loch—or, even Bavaria, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, seemingly—in the month of August. Nevertheless, there was a very good attendance of legislators, hereditary and elected, at the Palace of Westminster on the Nineteenth, when the Twelfth Parliament of her Majesty the Queen reassembled for practical business. Though the opening ceremony was performed by Royal Commission, and was, accordingly, a quiet function graced by the presence only of a few Peers and Peeresses, the majority of the latter looking refreshingly cool in pure white costumes—still, there were one or two notable features that claimed the attention of observers. The fitting about the table of Mr. Ralph Disraeli, in black gown and wig, may well have recalled to some present the "touch of a vanished hand," and "the sound of a voice that is still." When her Majesty's Commissioners, radiant in scarlet robes, slashed with ermine, and proudly wearing their cocked hats, filed in with stateliness, and filled the bench placed in front of the Throne, Baron Halsbury, as Lord Chancellor, occupying the centre seat with more or less dignity, it was seen that the noble Lord was supported not only by Viscount Cranbrook, the Earl of Coventry, and the Earl of Kintore, but also by the Earl of Kimberley, the Secretary for India in Mr. Gladstone's last Administration. Admiral the Hon. Sir James Drummond, as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, having summoned the Speaker and Commons to the Bar of the House of Lords, Lord Halsbury courteously saluted them, and read with exemplary distinctness one of the briefest Queen Speeches ever framed. The gist of it was simply that, the result of the appeal to the country having been "to confirm the conclusion to which the late Parliament had come" in reference to the government of Ireland, "I abstain from recommending now for your consideration any measures, except those which are essential to the conduct of the public service during the remaining portion of the financial year."

A diminutive peg, indeed, to hang speeches on! Yet, when the Peers reassembled, later in the afternoon, there were the inevitable Mover and Seconder of the Address—the Earl of Onslow, in the gay red uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, and Lord De Ros, in sober Windsor costume—behind the Prime Minister. Their Lordships ably discharged their perfunctory duty of commenting in a friendly spirit on the Royal Speech. Earl Granville, whose pale face, gout slippers, and crutch-stick testified to the serious nature of his recent generally regretted indisposition, genially complimented them upon having "surpassed the ancient Egyptians in being able to make bricks without the trace of a straw." The noble Earl (who rose from the seat next the Earl of Kimberley) aptly concluded by asking for enlightenment with respect to Burmah and the Afghan frontier, and with regard to the Ministerial panacea for Irish ills; and completely proved that he was intellectually as keen and neatly incisive a debater as of old.

The Marquis of Salisbury had to endure with more or less patience the Duke of Argyll's solemn funeral oration on the strangled Irish measures of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and the Earl of Carnarvon's mild and lamblike recommendation of the cultivation of amicable and cordial relations with Ireland before he could deliver his reply; the merry quips of beaming Lord Cranbrook coming opportunely to relieve somewhat the tedium of listening, and wreathing the face of the noble Marquis in smiles now and again. When the Prime Minister did rise, he spoke clearly and succinctly as ever. He at once sought to remove alarm with respect to the forthcoming withdrawal of the British officers from the debateable Afghan frontier, which step was a matter of friendly arrangement with Russia; stated that a fresh Expedition would proceed to Burmah to make good the annexation of that country; and added there was "nothing to cause apprehension" abroad (a rather optimist declaration, in view of the unexpected *coup d'état* in Bulgaria last Saturday). Lord Salisbury's rider, however, that preservation of "the integrity of the Turkish Empire" would continue to be of importance to the peace of Europe and to this country may presumably be construed to have a bearing upon the changes subsequently brought about in Bulgaria. Coming to Ireland, his Lordship firmly said "Home Rule" is quite out of the question. He could not submit a solution of the problem till the Government had had time to study the subject more closely. The first duty would be to preserve order. That restored, it would be for Ministers then to propose measures for bringing about contentment in Ireland. Local self-government was a United Kingdom question, and should be dealt with as such. Meanwhile, more efficacious administrative measures would be adopted in Belfast and Kerry alike, and plans matured during the recess for the development and improvement of Irish industries. His Lordship also intimated that the alleged inability of some of the poorest of Irish tenants to pay their rents would receive the attention of the Ministry. The terse statement of the Prime Minister was

apparently deemed so satisfactory that it was subjected to no criticism. Their Lordships adjourned till Monday next.

What is Sir Henry Matthews like without his grey counsel's wig? That was not improbably the uppermost thought in most members' minds on the 19th inst., next to wonder as to the manner in which Lord Randolph Churchill would comport himself in his new position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Lord Randolph Churchill bore his blushing honours and the red flower in his button-hole with characteristic sangfroid, as amid a ripple of Conservative cheers, he took the oath of allegiance, and signed the roll, and then devoted himself to assiduously curling his moustache as he sank into his place on the Treasury bench. The noble Lord was quickly followed by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who entered quite buoyantly, and Lord John Manners, both cordially cheered. Sir Henry Matthews met with a similarly warm reception as he took his seat among his colleagues as Secretary for the Home Department. Sir Henry Matthews (who was one of the first to heartily congratulate smiling and palpably purring Sir Edward Clarke upon his elevation to Ministerial rank) ultimately cast anchor to the right of his pallid chief, Lord Randolph Churchill. Keen and penetrating intelligence is the distinguishing characteristic of the new Home Secretary's good-humoured face. His head and the artistic arrangement of his adroitly fluffed-out hair, remind one of Lord Carlingford; his modesty retiring mouth has a resemblance to the Duke of Westminster's. There is a pen-and-ink portrait of Sir Henry Matthews in a sentence. Lord Randolph Churchill's qualifications for his post were promptly tested. Upon the Speaker's putting to the vote the customary Sessional Order prohibiting Peers from interfering with Parliamentary elections, Mr. Bradlaugh moved that it should be dropped, on the score of its unlikeness. Lord Randolph, equal to the emergency, evinced a surprising veneration for "old forms" (over which he has not hitherto scrupled to play leap-frog with youthful gaiety and alacrity). He was supported by Mr. Gladstone, who looked quite festive in white waistcoat and rose in his button-hole, and who was cheered so vociferously by the Liberals that the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may well have felt rather uncomfortable near the ex-Premier on the front Opposition bench. In the end, the order was sanctioned by 294 to 126 votes.

The familiar spectacle followed of Ministers, ex-Ministers, and would-be Ministers negotiating the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids of talk on the Address. Colonel King-Harman and Mr. J. M. Maclean having spoken hopefully of Ireland in moving and seconding the Address, Mr. Gladstone speedily proved the truth of the old adage, that a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still. Lord Randolph Churchill replied with spirit and point. His début as Leader of the House was a pronounced success. The pith of the argument of the noble Lord and of the Prime Minister himself was that, in the first place, order must be re-established with a firm hand in the north and in the south of Ireland alike (General Sir Redvers Buller having been prevailed upon to proceed for that purpose to the south); then, that Royal Commissions should inquire into the vexed question of the administration of the Land Acts, and into the development of fisheries and the industrial resources of Ireland; and that during the Recess a scheme would be drawn up for the revision of local self-government, applicable to the whole of the United Kingdom.

Now, although this policy has been since assailed as totally inadequate for the emergency—first by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, with accustomed ability and smartness, next by Sir William Harcourt, with habitual ponderosity, by Mr. Henry Labouchere, with his usual humour and epigrammatic skill (his donkey hit was splendid!), by Mr. Bradlaugh with platform volubility and force (lessened by an unfortunate trick of thrusting his tongue into his left cheek), by Mr. John Morley in an earnest vindication of his own remedy, and again by Mr. Gladstone in an exceedingly prolix lecture, after Mr. Parnell had moved his amendment to arrest evictions on Tuesday—it may be pretty safely predicted that the Government are secure for the present. I do not base this opinion upon the admirably plain exposition of the intentions of the Ministry by Sir Michael Hicks Beach in by far the best speech I have ever heard the Secretary for Ireland make. The Marquis of Hartington made it quite clear on Monday that the "Liberal Unionists" would offer their support to the Government, for he said at the close of his well-weighed speech, "I trust a fair and candid consideration will be given to the policy which has been fully explained by her Majesty's Government." Meanwhile, the Ministry doubtless experience relief at the departure of Mr. Gladstone for a Continental trip on Wednesday.

Lord Brassey on Tuesday laid the memorial-stone of the new Hastings, St. Leonards, and East Sussex Hospital, which is in course of erection opposite the pier.

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INDIAN  
COLONIAL AND  
EXHIBITION

QUEENSLAND

Queensland, the youngest of the Australian group of colonies, bids fair to equal the prosperity of her elder sisters. Her vast territory was originally a part of New South Wales; but in December, 1859, Queensland was declared a separate and self-governing colony. That was less than twenty-seven years ago, but the progress which she has made in this time is really startling.

Queensland (exclusive of the islands recently annexed) includes 668,224 square miles—equivalent to nearly four times the area of France, and nearly twelve times the area of England and Wales. Her seaboard of 2000 miles, protected for 1300 miles by the Great Barrier Reef from the long rollers of the Pacific; her rivers, depositing large tracts of the finest alluvial soil along their course; her natural pastures, extending over nearly the whole of her surface, and rivalling in wool-producing and stock-growing qualities any pasture of the same extent in any portion of the world; her boundless forests of timber, which for building purposes is unsurpassed; her inexhaustible deposits of gold, of silver, of copper, of tin, and of coal—all these advantages combine to make the colony of Queensland one of the fairest and most favoured countries of the earth.

In one respect only Nature has not been kind to her. Her rivers are, for the most part, navigable only a very short distance from the coast; and their mouths are, without exception, blocked by bars and shallows of shifting sand, which necessitate the expenditure of much money before even vessels of a very light draught can pass into the river at slack water. None of the rivers extend any great distance from the sea, and the whole of the interior of the colony is thus left to be made accessible by the energy and the enterprise of man. The people of Queensland are proving themselves well able to grapple with this task. All that is necessary is an extensive railway system connecting the interior

with the seaboard. Unfortunately, though all are agreed as to the advisability of extending the railway system, politicians are not agreed as to the best means of doing it. One of the most notorious official mistakes, to say no worse, was the Great Transcontinental Railway scheme, by which it was proposed to construct on the land-grant system a line 1000 miles in length, right through the colony of Queensland, from Roma in the south to Point Parker on the Gulf of Carpentaria. Full details of this scheme and its scandals are to be found in Mr. Harold Finch Hatton's book, "Advance, Australia," which contains a great deal of useful information concerning Australia in general, and Queensland in particular.

Undoubtedly, the legitimate method of opening up the interior of Queensland is to extend her existing railways from the coast. The principal ports are Brisbane, the capital, Maryborough, Bundaberg, Gladstone, Rockhampton, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Port Douglas, Cairns, Cooktown, and Normanton. From Brisbane, the Southern and Western Railway extends westward to Mitchell, 369 miles, and to Stanthorpe, 207 miles. The latter is the overland route to Sydney, which will be completed in a short time. The Maryborough Railway extends only to Gympie, one of the earliest and the second largest gold-field in Queensland, a distance of 61 miles. From Rockhampton, the Central Railway is now open to Alpha, distant 272 miles, with a branch to Clermont, opening up the Peak Downs and Barcoo districts. The Northern Railway, starting from Townsville, now extends to Bett's Creek, a distance of 147 miles, passing through the celebrated gold-field of Charters Towers. From Bundaberg to Mount Parry there is also a railway a distance of 66 miles. The Mackay Railway has only lately been commenced, and the first section was opened this year at Eton, distant 20 miles. These, and a few branch sections, constitute the present railway system of Queensland; and each of the main lines

indicated above might be extended into the heart of the colony with great profit and advantage. But the construction of a main line, such as the proposed Transcontinental, having its terminus at Brisbane on the south, and at the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north, would probably be detrimental to the interests of the whole colony, and especially of the coast districts.

All up the east coast of Queensland runs a range of mountains, whose peaks sometimes rise to an altitude of 5000 ft. or 6000 ft., their slopes covered with dense forests of every variety of timber, growing thicker and thicker up to the very summit. In some places this range runs down in spurs to the sea coast itself; in others, the mountains retire, leaving broad level tracts of alluvial soil of amazing richness, suitable in the northern portion of the colony for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, indigo, and all other tropical products. The climate along the coast, though healthy, is exceedingly hot in summer—a damp uncomfortable heat, nearly resembling that of India, and very different to the atmosphere of the interior.

To the west of the range the country slopes away in table-lands, the timber gradually becoming more and more scanty until rolling downs of open pasture land extend for hundreds of miles inland, their surface broken only here and there by the course of a creek or a water-course, with an occasional island of thick "scrub" or forest. The country of Queensland may be roughly divided into three classes—the open timber, the scrub, and the downs. The open timber country has something the appearance of an English park: huge trees growing in clumps, or, at intervals, singly, with long grass beneath them. The scrub, as it is called, is densely wooded country, a forest of almost impenetrable thickness, composed of endless varieties of gigantic trees, with an undergrowth of smaller bushes and creepers of every description. The banks of the rivers and the tops of the mountains are where the scrub is



GROUP OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

Engraved on Queensland Wood.

most thick, but away out upon the open downs are islands, as has been said, of thick scrub, some of them many miles in length, some of them only a few yards.

At the mouth of the Pioneer river lies the township of Mackay; and to the adjacent district belongs the honour of being the parent of all sugar-growing in Queensland. In 1866 the first experiment of growing cane in this district was made, and the end of the year saw twelve acres growing, which was increased to 140 acres the following year. In 1868 the first mill was erected by Mr. John Ewen Davidson, and the output for the first season was 230 tons. From this date the progress of the industry was steady until 1875, when a serious visitation of "rust" took place, which was so severe as to ruin many of the planters, who were working on borrowed capital. In two years the district had pretty well recovered, and in 1879 the crop was 10,000 tons. From this time the success of sugar growing was considered assured, and the attention of capitalists was directed to the rich alluvial lands of rivers lying north of the Pioneer. The profits made about this time in the Mackay district were very great, and in 1881 a perfect mania for speculation in sugar set in. According to Mr. Finch Hatton, at this time "land that had been for years considered barely worth paying rent for as a pastoral selection, and that nothing but the most vivid imagination could suppose capable of growing sugar, was readily disposed of to southern speculators at £10 an acre." In the Mackay district alone, in two years (1882-83) eleven new mills were erected, and there are now thirty in existence. To the north of Mackay, on the Burdekin, Johnson, and Herbert rivers, every available acre of land has been taken up, and an immense amount of capital expended in developing the sugar industry. It is doubtful, however, whether the climate of any other district of Queensland is as favourable for growing sugar as that of Mackay. On the Burdekin the rainfall is too light, on the far northern rivers it is too heavy, occasionally rising to as much as 180 inches in the year. In Mackay the rainfall is 83 inches, but it is usually distributed over a longer period than in any other locality, a circumstance which is extremely favourable to the growth of the young sugar-cane. In fifteen years the value of the total output of sugar in the Mackay district alone rose from £3500 to £350,000. The total output for the whole colony in 1883 was 55,900 tons, from 41,367 acres under cultivation. This shows an increase of 20,000 tons over the preceding season. The area under cane is continually increasing, but various causes have been lately at work which have most seriously hampered the development of sugar-growing. These are the prolonged drought, the fall in the price of sugar consequent upon the foreign bounty system, and the labour difficulty, the satisfactory settlement of which is one of the most urgent problems of the day.

With regard to the first-named of these evils, drought is, of course, merely a temporary evil, and one to which the coast lands are not nearly so subject as the interior. The fall of price in sugar is, no doubt, a serious matter, but not in itself at present calculated greatly to damage the sugar industry in Queensland, though, of course, it must sensibly diminish the profits.

The coloured labour question, however, is a different matter, and one with which the future prosperity—indeed, the very existence, of the planter is bound up. In spite of all that has been urged to the contrary by the advocates of a monopoly of white labour, it has been conclusively proved that there is a vast amount of necessary work connected with the plantations that cannot possibly be done by white labour. For climatic reasons, if for no other, a white man cannot work in the cane-fields. Even if it were possible to find a sufficient supply of white men whose constitutions would stand the sweltering heat of the cane-field, which it is not, the work could only be done at a rate of wages which would make it impossible for any plantation to be made to pay. The sugar industry is therefore wholly dependent upon an adequate supply of cheap coloured labour being obtainable. For a long time the plantations were supplied with Kanakas from the South Sea Islanders, who answered very well. The unreasoning jealousy of the white population of Queensland, however, induced them to throw every impediment in the way of the importation of the islanders. Gradually, too, as the number of plantations increased, the supply began to fall short. The attention of all sensible people was then directed towards the labour market of India, and it was proposed to import a large number of coolies. This idea likewise met with a vehement hostile agitation, which proved only too successful. The importation of coolies was forbidden, and additional difficulties were thrown in the way of the South Sea Island labour, with the result that everyone must have anticipated, the sugar industry being reduced to a state of suspended animation for want of coloured labour. This coming at a time when the price of sugar had greatly declined, the effect has been most serious to many of the planters. During the past two years many mills have had to be shut up, and in new districts of course progress has been seriously retarded. A mere suicidal measure on the part of the working man could not possibly be imagined. By performing work which a white man cannot do, the coloured labourer supports a manufacturing industry which enables thousands of white men to earn heavy wages, and to live in affluence, who might otherwise be obliged to accept much less remunerative employment. By the withdrawal of black labour, this industry has sustained a serious reverse; mills whose monthly pay-sheets for white labour alone often amounts to several thousand pounds have been closed, and unless a *modus vivendi* can be found, it is evident that the days of sugar-growing in Queensland are numbered. We learn that a batch of labourers recently imported into Mackay from Java have proved a complete success. A large supply of labour is now obtainable from Java, the growing of sugar there having lately been to a great extent displaced by the more profitable investments of coffee, cinnamon, and other spices.

The sugars exhibited in the Queensland Court will compare favourably with samples from countries whose plantations and refineries have been the growth of centuries. From Mackay the exhibits are especially fine, some of the white sugars and brewer's crystals of the Melbourne Mackay Sugar Company being of remarkable purity and excellence. Many millions of capital have already been invested in sugar-growing in Queensland, from which, in the past, very large profits have been derived.

The interior of the Queensland Court undoubtedly gives evidence of a great variety and wealth of natural resources. The first object of interest is the trophy of gold, showing the bulk and quality of the precious metal that has been raised since 1863. The trophy itself is in the form of the frustum of a pyramid, measuring 16 ft. high and 6½ ft. square at the base, round which are arranged samples of auriferous quartz from several of the leading gold-fields of the colony. Some of the specimens from Charters Towers, Gympie, and Nebo are exceedingly beautiful, and from their extraordinary richness cannot fail to attract attention, especially from the uninitiated. The experts in gold-mining, however, will turn from these glittering objects to examine with far greater interest the unpretending-looking blocks of dull white quartz, heavy with veins and patches of solid mundic, which to the miner's eye are evidences of the permanent gold-bearing qualities of a true

reef. It is rarely that mundic stone shows free gold visible to the naked eye in any great quantities. Usually, it requires to be carefully crushed, and sometimes chemically treated, in order to extract the gold. The sample of stone from the Day Dawn Block and Wyndham Claim, at Charters Towers, is an exception to the rule, however. Right through the stone, which in itself is beautifully mineralised with mundic, are veins and patches of coarse free gold of extraordinary richness, and altogether we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the finest samples of mundic stone we ever remember to have seen. The weight of gold in the trophy is 4,840,564 oz., or about 135 tons, valued at £17,623,284. This represents the result of twenty-two years' gold-mining in a colony whose population twenty-seven years ago was under 25,000, and is at the present time 310,000. The alluvial gold in Queensland cannot compare in richness with the alluvial fields of Victoria, some of which have been working for many years, and still yield heavy returns. Gold-mining in Queensland is chiefly confined to quartz-reefing; and, to make up for any deficiency in her alluvial deposits, it would seem as if the richness of her reefs was about to eclipse all past records of mining good luck. There are at present about 5500 square miles of gold-fields open in the colony. The principal refining districts of Queensland are the Palmer, Hodgkinson, Mulgrave, Etheridge, Woolgar, Charters Towers, Ravenswood, Clermont, Cloncurry, Nebo, Gladstone, Gympie, and Rockhampton. Of these, by far the most important is Charters Towers, including, as it does, the reefing districts of Broughton, Rishton, and the Cape. The total amount of quartz crushed at the Charters Towers gold-field for the year 1883 was 69,684 tons 14 cwt., giving a yield of 129,085 oz. 3 dwt. 12 gr. of gold, the average being 1 oz. 17 dwt. 1 gr. per ton, worth nearly half a million of money. Comparing this with the yield of the great quartz districts of Victoria, the figures show that, in the quarter ending March, 1884, the yield of gold per ton from Charters Towers was over three times as great as that of Sandhurst, and over six times that of Ballarat. But, indeed, the average yield per ton all over Queensland (1 oz. 17 dwt.) is the highest of any gold-producing country in the world. The next field in importance to Charters Towers is that of Gympie, situated in the south of the colony between Brisbane and Maryborough.

Besides gold, Queensland is wonderfully rich in other metals, the chief of which are copper, iron, tin, silver, cinnabar, lead, and antimony. The deposits of copper are especially remarkable, a fine sample of which is the huge block of ore from the Cloncurry district, which occupies a prominent position in the Queensland Court. The mines are but little worked at present, since the price of copper fell to £66 a ton. Formerly, however, when copper was worth £90 a ton, the profits from the mines were very great. Peak Downs, the principal mine in the colony, paid over £1,000,000 in dividends, and there is as much copper left in the mine as ever came out. The copper deposits of the Cloncurry and M'Kinlay ranges cannot possibly be surpassed in richness and extent. Besides these there are numerous smaller mines, and the supply of this metal in Queensland is practically inexhaustible. Tin is also found in great quantities, in the Stanthorpe and Herberton districts: the amount raised in 1882 and 1883 was worth £450,000.

The coal-beds of Queensland extend over a surface of 24,000 square miles. As yet, comparatively only surface coal has been raised, but the deposits at greater depths are found to be of much better quality. Coal has not yet been extensively worked in Queensland, as the difficulty of access to many of the mines, and cost of carriage, have made competition with the gigantic coal workings of New South Wales impossible. But the extension of the railway system and growing requirements of the colony will considerably assist in the development of this industry.

The hard woods of Queensland are extremely beautiful, and suitable for veneering and for cabinet-making of every description. The difficulty of removing the timber has hitherto prevented much enterprise in that direction. The only means so far has been to cut down the trees, roll them into the nearest river, and wait till a flood carries them down to the coast. Unfortunately, sometimes there is a long while to wait. At the present moment there is about £50,000 locked up in cedar-logs, which have been waiting, some of them for two years, for a heavy enough flood to float them down to port.

The coast lands of Queensland are not suitable for rearing sheep, chiefly owing to the peculiar nature of the grass, which, at certain seasons of the year, is covered with masses of sharp-pointed seeds. These attach themselves to anything that touches them, being provided with a fine barb like a fishhook. They stick in millions into the fleeces of the sheep, and in time work their way into the vital organs and destroy the unfortunate animal's life. Cattle, however, do very well on the coast, and most of the country is occupied by cattle stations. In 1884 there were four millions and a half in the colony; but the losses from the recent drought have been very severe. Their full extent can hardly yet be estimated.

The vast area of Queensland, together with the position of Brisbane, her capital, in the remote south-east corner, has made it impossible to conduct the affairs of the northern districts in a manner satisfactory to the inhabitants, and considerable tension has for some time existed. Exactly the same causes are operating to-day in Queensland as twenty-seven years ago resulted in the separation from New South Wales—namely, misappropriation of the public revenue by the southern districts, and the impossibility of adequately representing the north. It is proposed to separate the north of Queensland from the south at the twenty-second parallel of latitude, and to form the northern portion into a separate self-governing colony. A petition to this effect is now on its way home to the Crown in this country. It is signed by over 10,000 men, which constitutes an overwhelming majority, the whole electoral roll of the north being only just over 12,000, and the number of votes polled at the last election only 5890. The official representatives of the movement in this country are Dr. Ahearne, of Johnsville, and Mr. Harold Finch Hatton, formerly a resident in Mackay.

The grounds upon which separation is demanded are, first, the pecuniary loss which the north suffers by the appropriation of public money for the south; and, secondly, the impossibility of adequately representing the northern districts, owing to their remoteness from Brisbane. It may be hoped that we shall soon see North Queensland a self-governing colony, taking her own place in an Australian Federation.

Mr. Philip Horsman, of Wolverhampton, formerly contractor, has undertaken to defray the costs (£4000) of the in-patient department of the new Eye Infirmary for Wolverhampton. Mr. Horsman recently gave a Public Art Gallery and pictures to the town, valued at £10,000.

Official guides to the Great Northern, London and North-Western, Great Western, and Midland Railways have been issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Each is well illustrated, contains brief descriptive sketches of the points of interest on the line, and will be useful to anyone desirous of selecting a place at which to spend a holiday.

## NEW BOOKS.

Twenty-two pages of index are enough to give some idea of the scale upon which *Cosmopolitan Essays*: by Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P. (Chapman and Hall), has been conceived and executed; it is, indeed, a fine volume altogether, with large pages, large print, large number of pages, large table of contents, large maps, large ideas. From essays contributed at various times to various periodicals of note, and from addresses delivered on certain occasions before the representatives and friends (or enemies) of certain important societies, together with two brand-new articles never before printed, the bulky work is made up; and, although such publications are not generally held in very high esteem, being considered to have already served the purpose for which they were intended, an exception there is, or many exceptions there are, to every rule, and here, if ever, one would say, is an exceptional case, so extensive is the writer's range, so interesting and important are his subjects, so unusually ample have been his means of information, so widely acknowledged is his capability, so great is his experience, so weighty is his authority. Under such circumstances it were almost impertinent to make any comments: it will suffice to mention the many and diverse themes which are discussed in the book; first of all, there is "the British Empire in 1884," which of itself might occupy some writers for an appreciable portion of their lifetime; then we have "Imperial Federation," then "North-west Canada" (which, of course, might seem to be connected with the British Empire, if not included therein), then some observations upon "forestry for the British Dominions," then a discourse about "social science in England," then some views about "the fall of Khartoum," then a paper concerning the "armies of the Indian Princes," then a short "memoir of Sir Charles Frere," then a dissertation upon "Christian vernacular education for India," then an exposition touching "the politics of Burmah," then some statements about "the Chinese population," then some instruction as to "the Russo-Afghan frontier," then an interesting sketch of "Greece in 1885," antepenultimately a description of "scenes and sites in Palestine," penultimately some utterances about "the Congo basin" and the celebrated traveller, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and ultimately a very noticeable expression of opinion concerning "American characteristics." In every instance, it may be said, the author speaks of that which he doth know from personal acquaintance or "at first hand from the best witnesses." Such a book should have an irresistible attraction for the public.

A good deed has been done in the publication of *The English Parliament*: by Dr. Rudolf Gneist; translated by R. Jenery Shee (H. Grevel and Co.), wherein the learned author (who, writing for the enlightenment of Germans, has thus incidentally conferred a benefit and a chance of instruction upon Englishmen themselves) traces the history of our parliamentary system "in its transformations through a thousand years." That it is beneficial "to see ourselves (and our institutions) as others see us," and that "outsiders see most of the game," are two generally accepted propositions, and they are both applicable to this very elaborate study of a great institution which is the pride of Englishmen (though they may know little or nothing about its origin and development), the admiration, the envy, the puzzle, and the despair of Continental men and brethren. The nine chapters are preceded by an introduction (translated by Dr. A. Hamann, M.A., "late Taylorian Teacher in the University of Oxford") which treats of "Parliament as connecting-link between State and Society"; and then, commencing with the Anglo-Saxon "gemotés," the author presents a varying picture of the Parliament which, looked at externally, might be the Parliament of so many different nations, and yet, when regarded from the administrative point of view, and from that of communal life, is pervaded by a unity unparalleled. That, of course, is why the English Parliamentary system is so difficult, if not impossible, of adoption and transplantation; it is a natural growth of special germs in a special soil, and defies any attempt to naturalise it in places where it finds nothing, or next to nothing, homogeneous with itself in germ or soil. The work is brought down to the date of the third Reform Bill (1884-5), and (it need hardly be added) is not light reading. It is, in fact, a very obstinate nut to crack, and requires nut-crackers of very superior make and power. An acquaintance with the details of early English history is an absolutely indispensable preliminary, if the work is to be read with understanding, pleasure, and profit.

*Opportune* certainly is *A Short History of Ireland*: by Christopher Page Deane (Elliot Stock), in which the author has performed a very arduous task more than indifferently well, and probably with an attempt to be perfectly impartial. It may be thought, however, that he would have done better to omit altogether a portion of his first chapter, and to state at the outset that, to all intents and purposes, so far as we moderns are concerned, the history of Ireland and its relations with England commences with the reign of Henry II. Even since that date the record is more than sufficiently complicated, confused, and bewildering; but, as regards the historical accounts of Irish affairs before that date, even chancery would be a very mild term to apply to them. Besides, the author would then have avoided two statements which, to say the least, are open to question. He states, as if there were no doubt about it, that the Irish Church was formed on the lines of the Greek (or Eastern) Church, whereas the diametrically opposite view is very widely—not to say generally—accepted; and he writes as if he had never heard that there was the least screw loose in the story he tells about the legendary Johannes Scotus Erigena, and that ancient worthy's selection by King Alfred to preside over the University of Oxford; yet there are authorities who would fight tooth and nail to prove that Johannes was not a native Irishman at all, and that, even if he were, he had no more to do with the University of Oxford than with that of Trincomalee, but died in France about five years before he is supposed to have received his appointment from King Alfred. Nor will readers obtain a very clear idea of personages and details in the perplexing history of unfortunate Ireland until they arrive at the reign of Henry the Eighth, after which all is comparatively plain sailing; and a fair notion may be obtained of the various vicissitudes which have befallen the Irish people, who have no doubt been more sinned against than sinning, but, nevertheless, cannot be acquitted themselves of grievous sin. Some unimpeachable authority should have been given for the assertion that Cromwell, at Drogheda, "having obtained the submission of the garrison by promise of their lives," broke his word, and slew everybody. Some credible accounts merely say that he took Drogheda by storm; and, though they do not try to palliate, do not worsen by a charge of treachery the awful massacre which undoubtedly took place, and which was the first of the ruthless measures meted out to the poor people whose descendants to this day can invoke upon an enemy nothing more dreadful than "the curse of Cromwell." Readers of the book are likely to come to the conclusion that to alter the present relations between Great Britain and Ireland would certainly do a great deal of harm, and might not do anybody any good at all, and would perhaps cause regret some day to

those who now chiefly advocate it, when they had begun to grow weary of the toy conceded to them; and that, as in the time of Edward I., and in other reigns, the native Irish (if there still be any of unmixed race) would petition for "the full benefit of the English laws," and to be made in every respect like Englishmen. One sentence in the book is well worthy of being cited, in view of the remarks made about the recently-appointed Vicaroy, whose ancestor has been denounced as a "cut-throat." It was only his own throat, be it observed, that Castlereagh cut; "his disposition," we read in the book under consideration, "was not cruel," and "he uniformly and strenuously set his face against the atrocities of the rebellion." Let us have the truth, whatever else we may be compelled to do without. The book is provided with an index, which is always an assistance; and it deals now and then with statistics, in which it is not always easy to make the figures "come right."

About as interesting a book as heart can desire, from certain points of view, is *Eastern Life and Scenery*: by Mrs. Walker (Chapman and Hall), inasmuch as the writer can boast of an almost, if not absolutely, unique experience. It was her destiny (not altogether enviable, but decidedly advantageous for writing purposes) to be admitted into the harems of great personages in Constantinople, from the Sultan downwards, and to live there for the sake of taking the portraits of lovely sometimes, but nearly always unmanageable and temper-trying "subjects," whether Sultanas or ladies of less exalted rank. This occupation commenced about the time of the Crimean War; but, as the writer seems to have resided in the East—more or less—ever since, that fact enhances the value of the information conveyed in the two volumes, and it is evident that extraordinary opportunities must have been enjoyed by the writer for observation of Eastern life, whether in Constantinople itself or wherever else the influence of the Turk can be exerted to any effect. The number of themes upon which the writer discourses is legion; and there is scarcely one of them concerning which the smallest scrap of such trustworthy information will not be thankfully, and even eagerly, received. Ladies, especially, are likely to revel in the pages. Be it added that there are a couple of slight sketches to show how skilfully the writer handles the pencil.

With an index and a map a laudable attempt has been made to give an air of completeness to *El Maghreb*: by Hugh E. M. Stutfield (Sampson Low and Co.), wherein the author gives an account of a "1200 miles ride through Morocco," for which legendary and strangely fascinating country (to read about) the title "is the short Arabic name." It is impossible to do such a book justice in the small space which alone can be given to it. It should recommend itself to readers of all kinds on general grounds, and particularly because it "is a plea for the civilisation of the country, and the development of its agriculture, so as to utilise the magnificent properties of the soil for the benefit alike of the natives and the outside world, particularly England." The author passes some severe strictures upon the system of "European protection" prevalent in Morocco: they are worthy of thoughtful attention. Of course, too, he has something to say about "the Barb horse," whose champion he is; but, really, all he urges in its favour is that it "might come out strong" under more favourable treatment than it obtains in its own country. Nobody that knows anything about the matter has ever denied that the Barb as well as the Arab has done invaluable service to the English breed of horses (from the days of Queen Anne and her Moonah Barb mare, to say nothing of Mr. Curwen's Bay Barb, and Lord Fairfax's Morocco Barb, before her Majesty's reign); all that is said is that Arabs, Barbs, Turks, and "the sons of the Desert" generally, appear to have been played out, are of no more service in the production of English thoroughbreds, and are hopelessly out of it as antagonists of the English "manufactured article."

Readers in whom is one particle of the naturalist's spirit cannot fail to fill their souls with delight by means of *Upland and Meadow*: by Charles C. Abbott, M.D. (Sampson Low and Co.), a volume in which are recorded, in something of the simple but photographically minute and earnest style characteristic of Mr. Richard Jefferies in England, the results of observations made in America by a student of nature, to whom every walk he takes is a voyage of discovery, and every acre of land he examines is a sort of Zoological Garden. And to English readers, it is reasonable to suppose, the work will commend itself the more strongly for being coloured American. They will thus become intimately acquainted with animate and inanimate objects, whose very existence and names will, in some instances, have for them the charm of novelty at any rate, if not the magnificence with which the totally unknown is said to be invested. To help them in their search after what is most likely to have an interest for them, there is an index, which will show them at a glance where they must look for an account either of something unknown to them, unless by name, and altogether exotic, or of something familiar indeed, but of such a kind that it may be different in appellation and in habits, according to the side of the Atlantic that happens to be its home.

A plain, unvarnished, decidedly rough-and-ready statement of personal experience is contained in *Emigrant Life in Kansas*: by Percy G. Ebbutt (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.); but that is just the kind of statement which, if it cannot be said to arouse the deepest interest and to exercise the greatest fascination, has a peculiar charm of its own, and is especially valuable from the stamp of truth and trustworthiness impressed upon it. There are some very curious but certainly very graphic illustrations; and the narrative, though it has no literary graces, no scientific pretensions, no heroic or romantic characteristics, is full of instructive, business-like records, good spirits, good humour, and humorous little touches, and concludes with some practical remarks and sound advice, such as young persons who have emigration on the brain would do well to take to heart.

Somewhat coarse and common as is the fibre of the material employed in the making of *The Rise and Progress of Sir Timothy Buncombe, Kt. and M.P.*: by the author of "Thomas Wanless, Peasant" (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), and somewhat trite as is the author's theme, there is much truth, no doubt, in the picture drawn, and there is certainly no little power and vigour displayed in the handling, no little breadth and freedom in the style of composition, no little courage in the design, no little vividness in the colouring. The author describes the career of a successful shipbroker, who rose from "nothing" to the position of a millionaire, and to the dignities set forth in the title. And how was the rise effected? By means which should have brought the "honourable gentleman" to the gallows. But, surely, poetical justice is done upon him at the end of the book? Not at all; that would be contrary to the author's creed that "this world is made mostly for the people called 'the wicked,'" so that he would have felt himself, as he says, "guilty of a mean sacrifice of truth," had he "allowed Sir Timothy Buncombe to be overtaken by what old-fashioned people will call his 'sins.'" Perhaps the author is quite right; he is, however, scarcely original in his views and creed, which are as old—not as the hills, probably, but—as Juvenal, at least.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*  
AMATEUR (Hayanna).—We should be very glad to receive some specimens of Cuban chess. Look at No. 2205 again; the other solutions are correct.  
J B W (Dulwich).—Your proposed solution is not applicable to No. 2210, the moves suggested being impossible in that problem.

EMMO (Darlington).—Your problems are always welcome.

W RAILLEM.—It is acknowledged below. As you scarcely ever fail, we suppose the omission was ours.

O T (Jersey).—A good collection of games played by most of the great players of our time will be found in the Book of the London Congress (1883), published by James Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. The collection of Morphy's games can be procured from Messrs. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden. Anderssen's games are only to be found in periodical literature.

PHENOMENON OF CLAPHAM.—Many correspondents have worked out the author's solution of No. 2192. Is that altogether a hopeless task in your case? At all events, we do not intend to publish it without your consent.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS ON PROBLEMS NOS. 2206 and 2207 received from Amateur (Hayanna); of Nos. 2207, 2208, 2209, and 2210 from Emmo (Darlington) and W E Manby (Tenterden); of No. 2208 from W R Raillem and E L G.; of No. 2209 from E F Field, Emile Frau, George J Veale, C E P, and Rev. Winfield Cooper.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS ON PROBLEM NO. 2210 received from J K (South Hamstead), W R Raillem, Alpha, B E H, Joseph Ainsworth, H Reeve, Grewarw, E Casella (Paris), W Hillier, Otto Fuider (Ghent), Jack Jupiter (Juno), J A Schenck, G W Law, H Wardell, T Roberts, R L Southwell, R Tweddell, Shadforth, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Emile Frau, A C Hunt, Thomas Chown, E Elsbury, R H Brooks, T G (Ware), L Falcon (Antwerp), Tannenbaum, Dalbattie, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharwood, Ben Nevis, E L G, Oliver Icning, N S Harris, L Wyman, Nerina, H Lucas, S Bullen, Rev. Winfred Cooper, C Oswald, E Featherstone, W Heathcote, H Cooper, W Biddle, J Hall, L Desanges, and Laura Greaves (Shefford).

### SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 8th	Any move	1. Kt to K 2nd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	

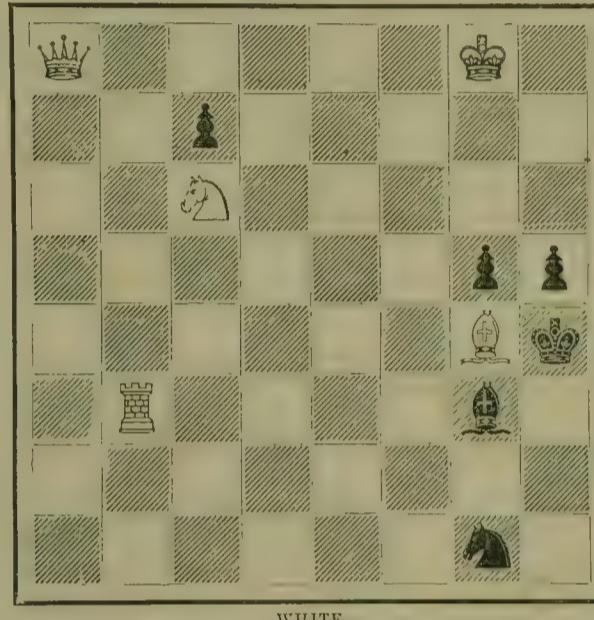
No. 2207.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to K 7th  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2212.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following is the second Game, the winner of which, Mr. G. A. HOKE, divided the prize for brilliancy presented by Mr. F. H. Lewis in the late tourney of the City of London Chess Club.

(Double Flanchetto.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Hooke).	(Mr. Stevens).	(Mr. Hooke).	(Mr. Stevens).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	22. Kt to B 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	23. Q to K 7th	Kt to K 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. Kt takes P	Q to Q 6th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	25. Kt takes Q P	
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	This appears to be an unnecessary sacrifice of a piece. The quiet move 25. B to B 4th, on the contrary, seems to be just as effective.	
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	26. Q to R 3rd	Q takes Kt
7. Q to Q 2nd	Castles	27. B to B 4th	Kt to Q 5th
		28. B to Q 5th	Kt to K 7th (ch)
		29. K to Kt 5th	P to K 5th
		Notwithstanding his close opening, Black has now a tolerably open end game.	
		30. Q takes P	R to Q Kt sq
		31. Q to B 4th	P to B 6th
		32. Q to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd
		33. Q to K 3rd	Q to Kt 5th
		34. B to Kt 3rd	P to R 4th
		35. Q to K Kt 5th	Q takes P
		36. Q takes Q R P	R to K B sq
		37. Q to K 5th	R to Kt 3rd
		An important contribution to the adversary.	
		38. R to Q 8th (ch)	Q to K sq
		39. Q to K 5th (ch),	and Black resigned.

### BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The award of the prizes in the problem competition is as follows:—First prize, £5 5s., for the best set of three problems in two, three, and four moves respectively, to Josef Pospišil, of Prague, for his set bearing the motto "Rozmysli, &c.;" the second prize, £3 3s., to the set bearing the motto "Ars longa, vita brevis," the author of which is Emil Lindquist, of Östersund, Sweden. In the single problem competition, the first prize of £3 3s., for the best three-move, was awarded to "Courage mounteth with the occasion," by Sergeant Scott, of Chichester; and the second prize of £2 2s., was equally divided between "Erato" and "Omnis codem cognitor," by Herbert Jacobs, of London, and Captain A. W. D. Campbell, of Fyzabad, India, respectively. The prize of £3 3s. for the best four-move problem was carried off by H. M. Prideaux, of Clifton, for his problem bearing the motto, "A chequered existence." This was the only four-mover sent to the single problem competition. The set, "Kde domov mui," would most certainly have received a prize, but that the three-move problem was found to be incorrect after publication.

When we last wrote on the subject, the match between Messrs. Burn and Mackenzie promised a speedy ending in favour of the latter. Captain Mackenzie followed up his successes of the week ending the 14th inst. by winning again on the 16th, but since then the fortune of war has been all on the other side. The fifth and sixth games were scored by Mr. Burn, and the eighth and ninth also; the seventh game was drawn, at a second sitting. Draws, it has been agreed, are not to count in this match; and the score as we go to press is, therefore, Mackenzie, 4; Burn, 4. The winning score is 5.

The imports of live stock and fresh meat to Liverpool from American and Canadian ports continue on a large scale, and ten steamers arrived during last week with live stock and fresh meat on board, bringing a collective supply of 1427 cattle, 2355 sheep, and 6424 quarters of beef.

The principal Volunteer event last Saturday was the formation of the Camp of Instruction in connection with the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, in which detachments from the three Metropolitan battalions of Engineer Volunteers and detachments from most of the provincial battalions took part. The Commandant had appointed Colonel Clayton, R.E., to the command of the camp, which was formed at Upnor, on the north bank of the Medway.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 11, 1881) of Mr. Frederick Blethyn Copley Hulton, late of Whalley View, Whalley Range, Manchester, who died on June 9 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Charles Lister, and Frederic Campbell Hulton and George Eustace Hulton, the nephews, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £458,000. The testator bequeaths £25,000 and an annuity of £2000 to his brother, William Adam Hulton, and, on his death, £57,000 among some of his children; £4000 and an annuity of £700 to the son of his sister, Mrs. Sadleir, and, on his death, £16,000 among his children; and there are many other bequests to relatives, executors, clerks, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for seven years from the death of his said brother; but should he predecease him, then for seven years from his own death; and during such time one tenth of the income of his personal estate is to be applied for such charitable, benevolent, and useful purposes as his trustees shall in their discretion think proper, and the remainder of the income is to accumulate; at the expiration of the said period, the ultimate residue is to be invested in land of freehold tenure, to be settled on his nephew Henry, the son of his said brother.

The will (dated July 22, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 15, 1885), of General Henry Aitcheson Hankey, late of No. 90, Eaton-square, and of Cliff House, Sandgate, Kent, who died on June 24 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Rodolph Alexander Hankey, the nephew, and Richard Musgrave Harvey, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £92,000. The testator bequeaths half the cash at his banker's and his furniture, jewellery, pictures, wines, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Lady Emily Georgina Arabella Hankey; his plate to his wife, for life, and then to his two daughters; £10,000 each to his two daughters, Mrs. Cecil Aitcheson Greville and Mrs. Alice Aitcheson Hankey; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to one third, for his daughter Mrs. Greville, as to a second third between his daughter Mrs. Hankey and her daughter Ethel, and, as to the remaining third, for his step-daughter Evelyn Henrietta, Countess Stanhope, and her children.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1876), with two codicils (dated Oct. 13, 1877, and Nov. 6, 1882), of Mr. Edward Cook, late of Crixton Mansion, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, who died on April 21 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Edward Rider Cook and James William Cook, the sons, and Samuel Hall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £91,000. The testator gives an annuity of £500, and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Ann Cook; there are special legacies to, and upon trust for, sons and daughters; and bequests to grandchildren, nephew, nieces, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1886), with a codicil (dated Feb. 25 following), of Miss Mary Farrar, late of Horton-street, Halifax, Yorkshire, who died on June 17 last, was proved in London on the 20th ult. by William Berry, Alfred Bilbrough, Wrathall Riley Hanson, and Robert Haddon, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £60,000. The testatrix bequeaths £32,000, upon trust, to apply the income for the benefit of poor women, native of, or resident for not less than five consecutive years in, the parish of Halifax, not more than six to be married women or widows, and to be paid not less than 7s. 6d., and not more than 10s. per week; £200 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the Congregational Pastors' Retiring Fund, of which Mr. Samuel Morley is treasurer. The testatrix directs her assets to be marshalled, so that all debts, funeral expenses, and legacies other than charitable ones are to be paid out of such part of her property as cannot by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes.

The will (dated May 3, 1877), with a codicil (dated May 30, 1882), of Mr. William John Church, late of Rodwell Lodge, Weymouth, Dorset, who died in February last, was proved on the 21st ult. by William Thomas Church, B.C.S., and Colonel Arthur George Hay Church, the sons, and Miss Mary Anne Hay Church, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator gives his lands, tenements, and hereditaments called Tullans, in the county of Londonderry, and £1500 to his eldest son, William Thomas; and legacies to other of his children and to two domestic servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children.

The will (dated March 8, 1884), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1885), of Miss Mary Flower, late of No. 8, Norfolk-road, St. John's Wood, who died on June 24 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by John Dennis and William Mathew Smellic, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testatrix leaves numerous and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and others; and the residue of her property to Harry Vane Stow, and Matilda Jane Carter.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1866), of Mrs. Georgiana Dillon Brown, late of No. 5, Brunswick-gardens, Campden-hill, Kensington, who died on June 5 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Colonel William Thomas Brown, and Major Charles Edward Brown, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testatrix makes some bequests of jewellery to her sons Lewis George and William Thomas; and the residue of her property she leaves to her four sons, Lewis George, William Thomas, Arthur Partridge, and Charles Edward, equally.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 5, 1885), of Sir William De Capell-Brooke, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of Market Harborough, Leicestershire, who died on March 8 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Sir Richard Lewis De Capell-Brooke, Bart., the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. As to a sum of £5000 over which he has a power of appointment, the testator appoints £1000 to his son Arthur Watson; and the remainder of the said sum to his eldest son. The estates of Geddington, Northampton, and The Elms, Market Harborough, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves to his said son, Richard Lewis.

Lord Darnley on Saturday last opened a recreation-ground at Gravesend, laid out as a memorial to General Gordon.

The Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore was enthroned last Saturday in the cathedral of Dromore on the conclusion of a confirmation tour, during which he has laid hands on nearly 5000 confirmees. The service in the cathedral was choral.

The first Saturday on which the working classes were admitted at reduced rates to the Col.-Indian Exhibition witnessed an enormous attendance. At least three-fourths of the visitors came from the provinces.

## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: QUEENSLAND.

## A RAMBLE THROUGH THE QUEENSLAND COURT.

Queensland, with its 678,600 square miles and a seaboard of about 2500 miles, though one of the least populous of our Australian Colonies, is pretty certain to attract hosts of immigrants before long, so rich is the soil in gold and other minerals, and so fertile and fruitful generally is the land named after her Majesty the Queen. The natural wealth of Queensland is admirably illustrated in the bright courts devoted to this Australian Colony in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Let the credit which is the due of the Hon. Sir James Francis Garrick, the masterful Executive Commissioner, recently portrayed in the *Illustrated London News*, and of his energetic colleagues on the Royal Commission, be ungrudgingly given them for this remarkably varied and comprehensive representation of the products of Queensland, whose exhibits are undoubtedly among the most interesting, instructive, and valuable in the Exhibition. It would certainly be a great pity if this wonderfully complete epitome of the wealth of our Colonial and Indian Possessions should be dispersed to the winds, when it would form a magnificent Imperial Museum, and be a standing memorial at South Kensington of the invaluable work the Prince of Wales, as Executive President of the Exhibition, has done in uniting by fresh ties "Greater Britain" to the Mother Country. But if this desired Imperial Museum is to be established, with the hearty co-operation of the Colonial authorities, action in the matter ought clearly to be taken before the Colonial Commissioners leave England.

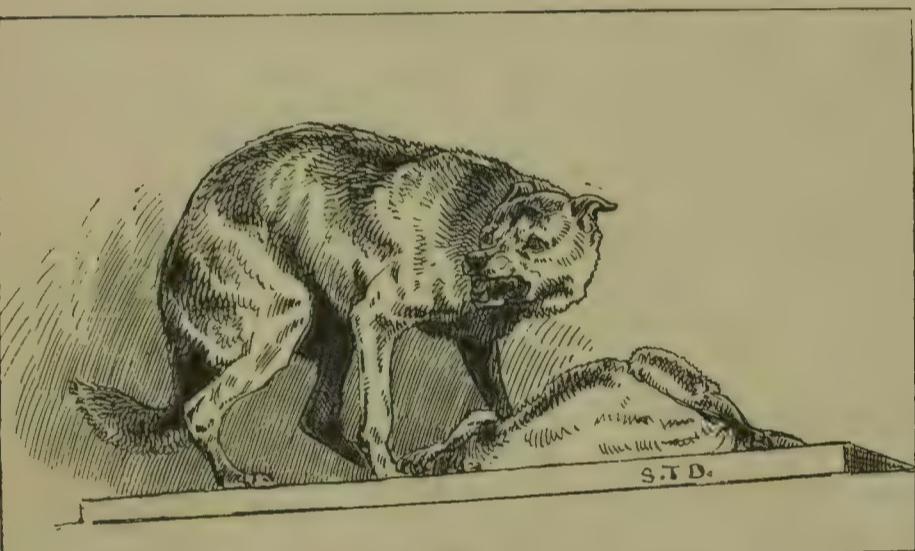
The ramble through Queensland ought to begin in the Colonial Entrance-Hall, in the Exhibition-road. For there, on the threshold, a couple of wall-pictures eloquently typify the progress made by the Colony. We have there delineated the virgin site of Brisbane in 1859, and an adjoining painting of the picturesque and flourishing city of Brisbane in 1886, with a population now of about 40,000. Beautifully situated on both banks of the river Brisbane, at a distance of a dozen miles from its mouth, the capital of Queensland can boast of handsome public buildings and fine commercial establishments,



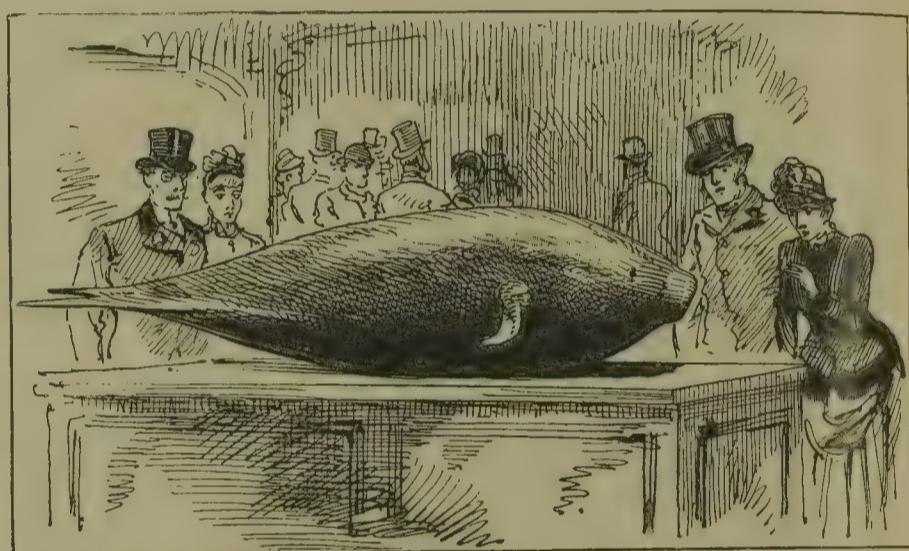
TROPHY OF PEARL SHELLS.



FOUNTAIN OF CLAM SHELLS IN THE CONSERVATORY.



A DINGO.

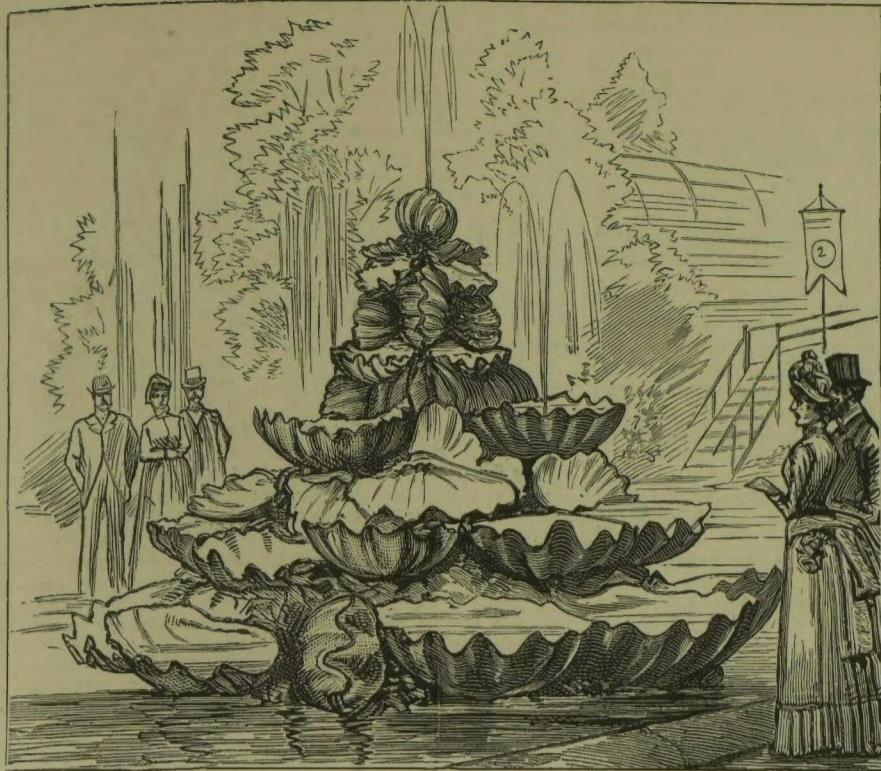


THE DUGONG.



GOLD, COPPER, AND TIN TROPHIES.

## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: QUEENSLAND.



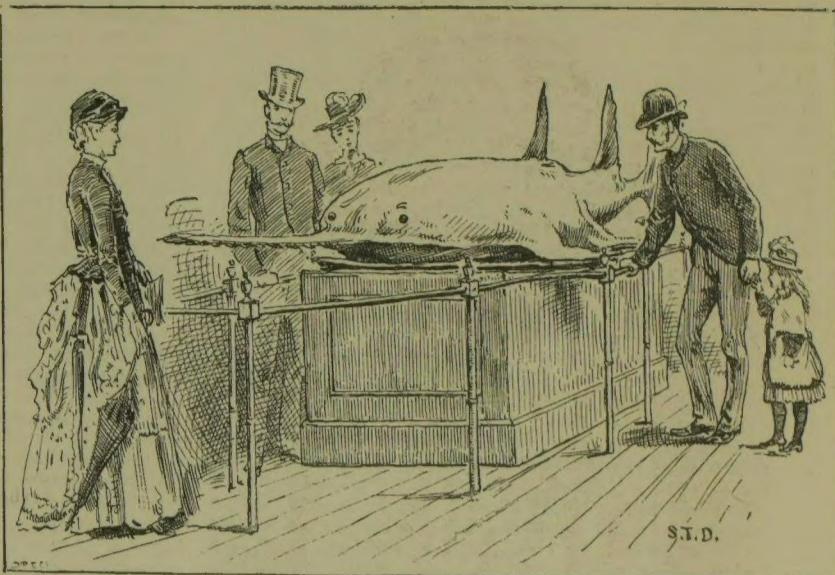
CLAM SHELLS, IN THE BASIN NEAR THE QUEENSLAND COURT.

the newly-erected Queensland National Bank being a conspicuous ornament to the city. It is not a far cry thence to the Central Annexe, the eastern portion of which is as well furnished by Queensland as the western end is by South Australia. Once in Queensland, the puzzle is to find the office of the superintendent. You would never discover it without the help of one of the civil and obliging officials with the orange bands round their caps. It is in the centre of a timber show-case. Here Mr. William F. Liddell, clever son of a clever artist, is no sooner unearthed than he places himself at your disposal with courteous alacrity. Mr. Liddell is evidently a man of method. He likes to commence at the commencement of the court, which has been decorated and stocked so well under his supervision. Hence do we begin our stroll at the Queensland entrance arch facing Western Australia. Clam-shells guard each side of the Queensland portal, which is adorned by coloured photographs of satin bower-birds and views of golden

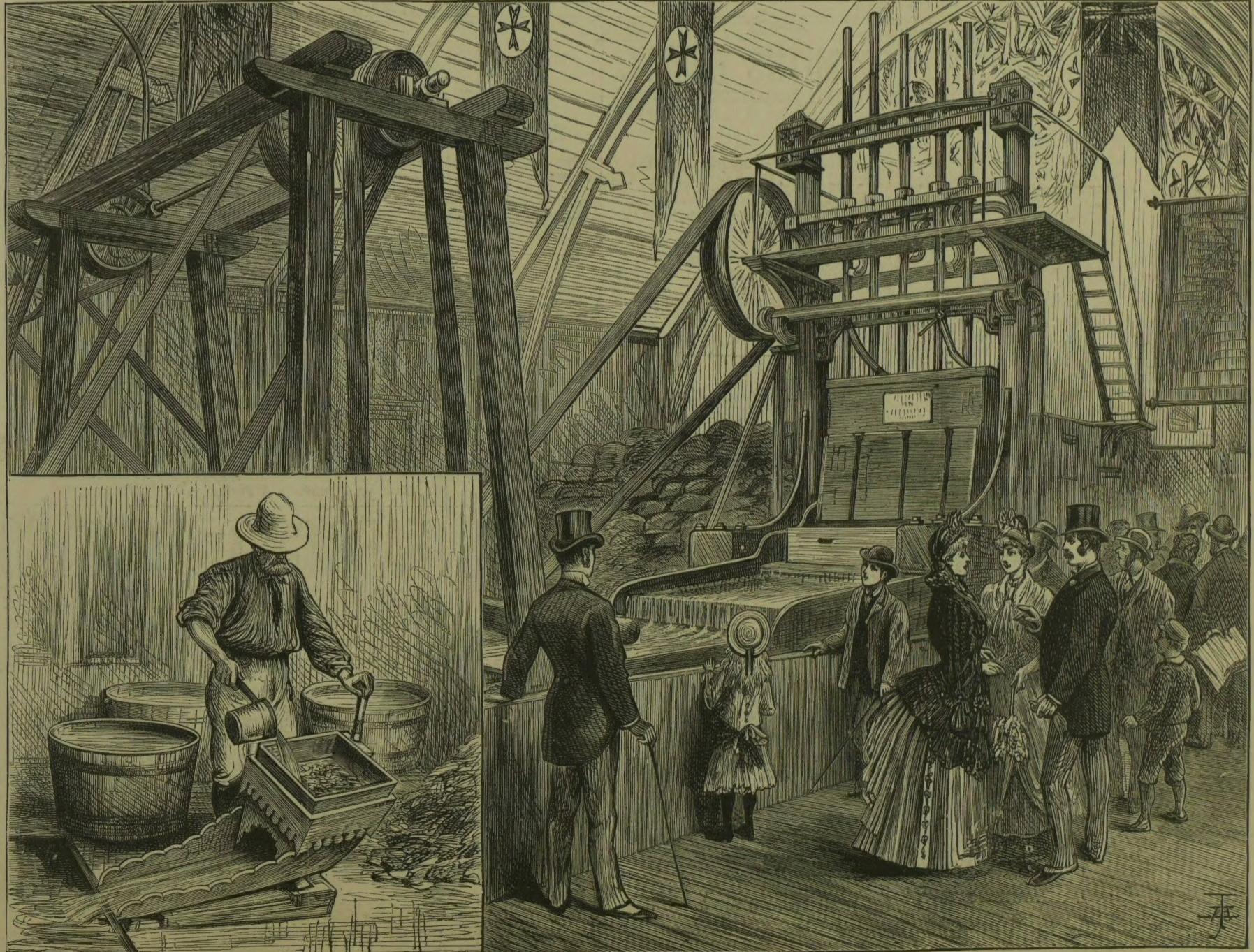
Mount Morgan, which is described as a veritable "Aladdin's cave," the workers of which doubtless cheerily sing as they labour, "Gold, gold, gold! I love to hear it jingle!" The first object to draw attention is a case of the indigenous birds of Queensland, grouped with exquisite skill by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S. This attractive trophy, brilliant with the light and dark blue feathered "laughing jackass," its black cockatoos and dainty heron, and diversified with other specimens such as the peculiar puff lizard crawling up a tree and, the iguana lurking lizard-like below, recalls a picturesque passage in Mr. Price Fletcher's interesting sketch of a Queensland forest scene. I allude to the passage in which he describes the newly-arrived naturalist's first journey into the forest as "a drop into Wonder-land," revealing first "the eucalypt in its grandest stage of beauty—that is, as a gnarled, broken-limbed, gigantic old gum-tree"; and then goes on to say, "Suddenly shrill, short, sharp screeches reach his ear, and even

before he can turn his head to discover the cause, a flock of paroquets whiz with speed of an arrow past, then, giving a wheel and a turn in their flight, they with one impulse settle in the gum-tree before him. Cautiously he approaches—but the caution is needless, for the birds heed him not—and as he sees the bright green birds hanging in every possible attitude, and climbing about among the extreme tips of the twigs, and sucking out the honey and pollen from the small flowers of the eucalypt, he knows that they must belong to that curious group of paroquets which have a brush-tip to their tongue, and so are called trichoglossus."

Gold, ever a name to potently conjure with, next fires the imagination in this treasure-nook of Queensland. Glancing at the case of auriferous quartz and small nuggets from Charters Towers, the principal mine in Queensland, you are reminded that the Colony's golden era dates from the September of 1867, when a wandering miner named Nash came upon the



SAW-FISH.



WASHING FOR ALLUVIAL GOLD.

GOLD QUARTZ CRUSHING MILL, IN THE SOUTH PROMENADE, NEAR THE AUSTRALIAN MARKET.

precious metal in the neighbourhood of Gympie Creek, the news of his discovery bringing about the usual "rush," with the result that Queensland is now one of the most plentiful gold-yielding of the Queen's possessions, the most prolific mines at present being Charters Towers, marvellously rich in gold quartz reefs, the great Mount Morgan mine, near Rockhampton, and those in the auriferous district of Gympie, on the Mary River. As demonstrating in a substantial form the richness of the Charters Towers mine, note the large piece of pure retorted gold in a neighbouring case, weighing 1691 oz., and valued at £5923, representing the output for a fortnight. There stands close by the Queensland Gold Trophy, representing the gold produced by the colony from 1861 to 1885, amounting to £17,623,284 sterling. Opposite, over a case of notably beautiful butterflies, is a photograph of the Governor of Queensland, Sir Anthony Musgrave, K.C.M.G. The vast mineral wealth of Queensland is further exemplified by the Tin Trophy, composed of twenty tons of ingots from the Herberton district, with bags of "stream tin" at foot of the pyramid of tin ores, which trophy elicits from Mr. Liddell the statistical fact that in 1881 the colony yielded over a hundred thousand tons of tin, worth more than two millions sterling. The large adjacent blocks of carbonate of copper from the Cloncurry district (weight, 1½ tons, assaying 27.5% of copper) are likewise pointed out with the pieces of tin and copper ore, of silver-lead zinc, &c., below. The Queensland Commissioners also merit praise for the great pains they must have taken to collect the 1400 specimens of minerals here exhibited in cases. Ladies will not fail to admire the stand of precious opals, comprising the beautiful necklace of opals and diamonds valued at a thousand guineas, and a number of large opals in and out the matrix, one of the former, a magnificent stone, being set down as worth £500—all exhibited by Mr. Herbert William Bond, of Torrington. Nor will ladies omit to examine the large case of furs, prominent among which is a charming blue opossum rug. A glance of interest at the painting of the Premier of Queensland, the Hon. Sir Samuel Griffiths, Q.C., lately knighted by her Majesty; and then we note in another look-round this section a series of diagrams plainly illustrating the mode of working for gold in the levels of the Day Dawn Block and Wyndham Gold Mining Company: a case of superb sponge corals; fine blocks of marbles from the Gladstone Quarry, with stones for building purposes; the model of a bush hut or "humpy," and a model of a stock-yard, with the aboriginal squatters near; the "buck-jumper's" saddle and other saddlery shown by Mr. R. E. Jarman, of Brisbane; Mr. Hampton's fine case of ornamented emu eggs and dugong tusks; and cases containing an assortment of corals and New Guinea curiosities.

The Queensland conservatory is a delightfully green and refreshing annexe extending for seventy feet along the eastern side. Arranged with artistic grace, this charming oasis has for central ornament a dripping fountain of clam-shells, an Engraving of which is given; boasts an aviary of Australian birds; and is well supplied with a selection of luxuriant indigenous plants, the grotesquely shaped elk's horn ferns being among the most noticeable. The clam-shells—resembling the Broddingsnagian oysters which for many years were the admired of all admiring Dandies in the window of Rule's oyster-house in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden—are freely used for decorative purposes outside this seductive conservatory and in the adjacent water-basin, from which a kind of grotto of these shells rises. "The clams are caught in a curious way," puts in the encyclopedic Mr. Liddell. "They are caught in the

Queensland shallows, where they open their shells for feeding purposes. Before they can say 'Jack Robinson' the fisherman whips a stick between their shells. The bait is taken. They close their shells on it; they are drawn up by the stick; and that's how it's done." Re-entering the court, the chatty cicerone indicates on the top of a show-case, the dingo, or Australian wild dog, ferociously triumphant over his prey—a young kangaroo—the same dingo sketched among our Queensland Illustrations.

In the upper court, on a level with the adjoining Canadian Gallery, is a lively painting of an obs'mate "buck-jumper" making vigorous efforts to shake off a Colonial centaur, making clear the utility of the aforesaid buck-jumping saddle from Mr. Jarman's establishment. To look at the happy pair of dugongs (which species of Australian porpoise is also delineated by our Artist), nobody would imagine this marine animal furnishes very palatable bacon. A pig of the sea, the dugong does, however; and some appetising looking sides of bacon from it will be found encased, with bottles of dugong lard and dugong refined oil (pronounced the equal of cod-liver oil), at the other end of this section of the Queensland Court. The largest zoological group will be found close to the dugong. This fine trophy of Queensland animal life was arranged by that supremely skilful London taxidermist, Mr. Rowland Ward. It is guarded on each side, as it were, by a sentinel of splendid cedar, one having a girth of no less than 20 ft. 5 in., the fine grain and colour of the wood being shown by a small portion of the face of each log being planed and polished. Apropos of Australia's magnificent timber, it may be of interest to remark that the Engraving of Mr. Rowland Ward's Trophy is executed on a block of wood from the flourishing Queensland port of Rockhampton; the tree, of moderate size, clothed with soft, silky hairs, the oblong leaves clustering at the ends of the branches, being technically termed *Sideroxylon Pohlmannianum*. The wood is of a bright yellow, hard, and close-grained, quite suitable for engraving, as may be judged from the specimen printed on the front page of the present Supplement. Returning to the group itself, we note in the immediate foreground a cluster of the curious little water-mole, or platypus, its head terminating in a beak like a duck's (hence its other name of duck-bill). The iguana and porcupine will also be recognised on the same side as the platypus. The cassowary and the emu are the largest members of the Australian ornithological family represented. There are no less than 700 birds common to Australia, and of these about 600 are to be found in Queensland. The emu is the largest species. Though its feathers are not of any value, its fine green eggs are in great request as ornaments. The cassowary resembles the emu in size and ostrich-like appearance, it will be observed. Its head is covered with a bright blue skin surmounted by a helmet of horn of a bright red colour. The inevitable kangaroo crops up in this trophy. Of this leaping, grass-devouring marsupial, Mr. Price Fletcher says, in his excellent little "Popular Sketch of the Natural History of Queensland," from which I have before quoted, "They (the kangaroos) were as a plague in the land, to be seen by hundreds and thousands, eating up the grass which otherwise could support the more useful but less interesting sheep and cattle. Therefore, legislative interference was called for, and a bonus per scalp given for their destruction. Since the passing of this Act, only five years ago, no less than 6,000,000 scalps have been paid for. . . . Drought supervening, their destruction was completed." Yonder will be likewise seen the wallaby, or small brush kangaroo, the rat kangaroo, the large grey heron known as "native companion,"

sooty owls on branches, opossum up a gum-tree, and many another singular native animal of Queensland. Sauntering westward from this trophy, we soon pause before the saw-fish limned in another Sketch—a formidable fighter of the deep, armed with a vicious-looking saw projecting from its head. Sugar-canapes are exhibited in great variety, as Mr. Liddell observes, to prove that Queensland is a great sugar-growing country. "Why, last year no less than 55,900 tons were manufactured." Which sweet morsel of information is rolled with relish over our tongues till we come to the case of handsome photographs of the city of Brisbane and of the Herbert river district. A towering stand of preserved fruits recalls to the mind of the keen guide that Queensland is also renowned for its tropical fruit, producing pine-apples, passion-fruit, grapes, and guavas galore, and here enshrined in pots by Mr. Charles Hardy. Of the twelve hundred different kinds of timbers known in the colony, five hundred specimens are tastefully and handily exhibited, and serve to show how useful they are for turning and cabinet work, for durable railway sleepers, and similar substantial purposes. For decorative uses, few things would be more charmingly ornamental than the hand-painted shells on view in the elegant stand illustrated. There are also wool exhibits to bring home to one the eloquent fact that the clip for 1885 was 42,472,000 lb. That Queensland looks well after the rising generation is testified by the admirable samples of school-work contributed by some of the 413 Free State Schools, which employ a staff of 1161 teachers, and have an average daily attendance of 27,863 pupils—a very good result, indeed, in a population of 326,916. Space fails us to dwell upon the wheat exhibits, or upon the Queensland manufactures, or upon the vast extent of the Queensland coal-fields, represented by huge blocks of coal. For the same reason, we are unable to do more than commend to the notice of visitors the gem of a court furnished by the Queensland Commissioners with Mr. Romilly's New Guinea exhibits to illustrate the primitive dwellings and costumes, and implements of war and of the chase, in vogue in this fresh acquisition to our Empire.

We take farewell of Queensland, and of the active and genial young superintendent of the court, in the machinery annex near the Australian Market in the South Promenade; Mr. Liddell succinctly explaining, first, the working of the gold quartz crushing machine depicted in the Engraving. Whilst Henry Aldridge, the fair-bearded and red-shirted gold-digger from Charters Towers, enables one, by his dexterous manipulation of the tub and cradle, to realise the old style of sifting the gold from alluvial earth, the keen-eyed mining engineer of the commission, Mr. J. N. Longden, plumps himself on the far greater exertion done by his "coffee mill," which certainly works simply and efficaciously. The ore is broken by hand, and placed into the iron box, and crushed by the five stampers at the upper end of the mill. The powdered ore then passes through a perforated plate, being washed by a constant stream of water down a succession of sloping plates covered with mercury, which attracts and holds whatever gold may be there, thus forming an amalgam. This is collected, and put into a retort, which is coated with clay, and heated to 700 deg. The mercury evaporates; and, passing out through a condenser, the pure gold is left in the retort. The precious metal is then smelted into bars of gold of the kind exhibited in the shed. As exemplifying the large amount of skill and capital now devoted to the development of the rich gold-mines of Queensland, this Gold Quartz Crushing Mill is well worthy minute inspection on the part of all visitors to the Exhibition.

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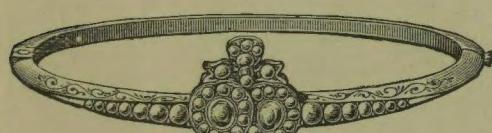
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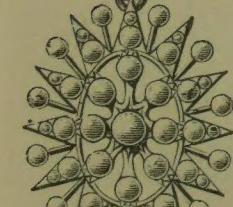


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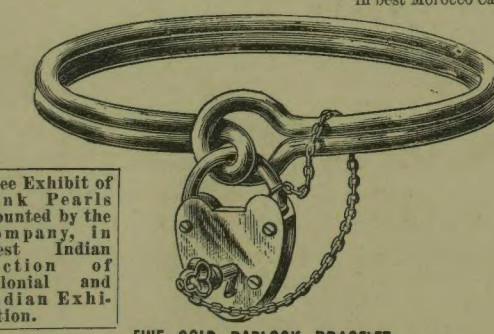


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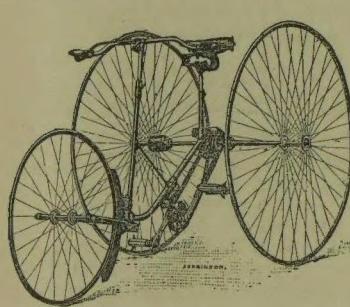
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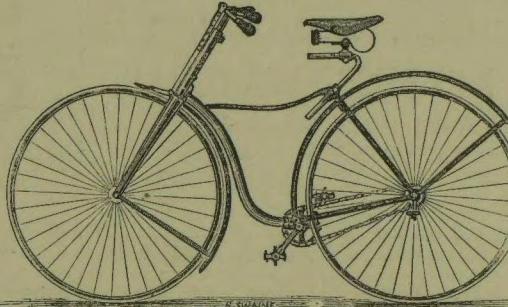
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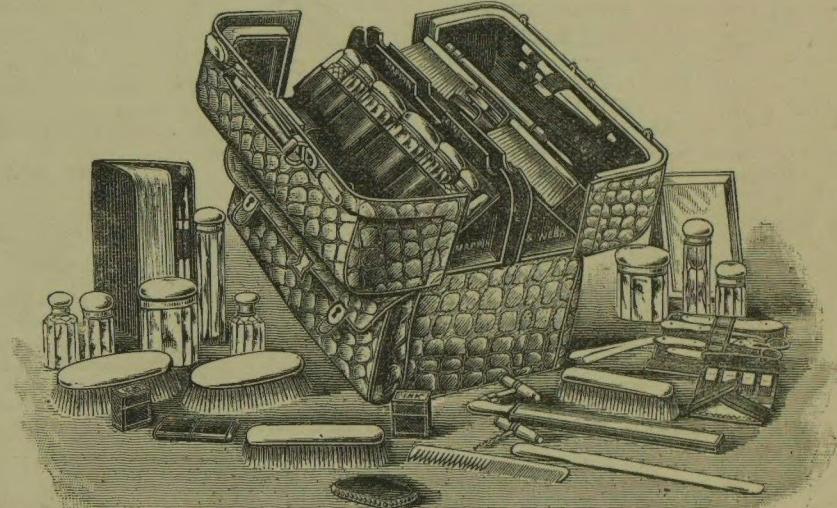
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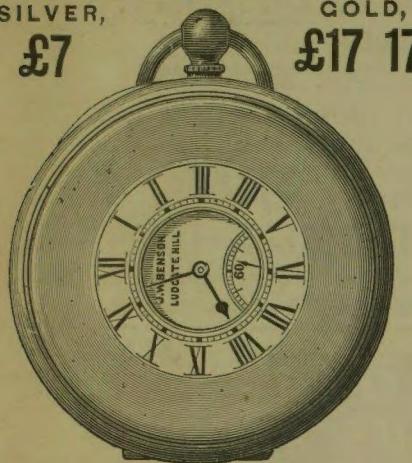
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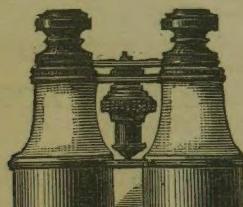
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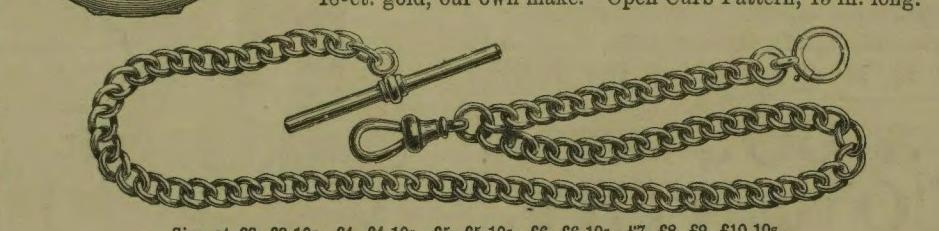
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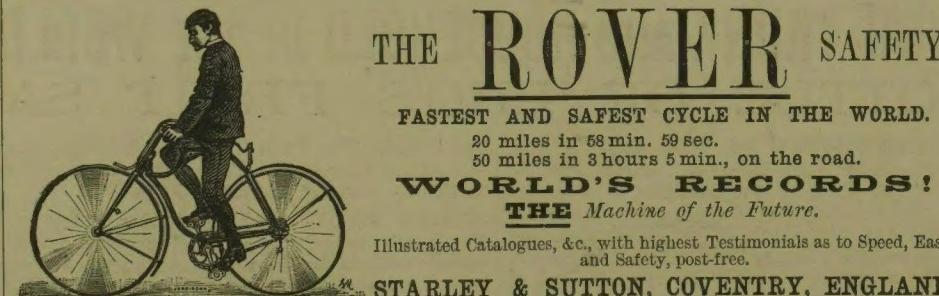
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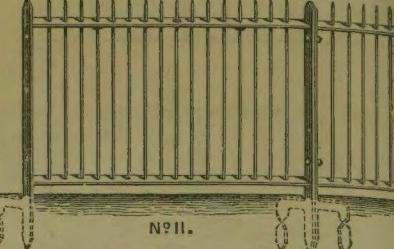
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